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ART. I.—*Characters of the late Charles James Fox, selected and in Part written by Philopatris Varvicensis. London, Mawman, 1809. 2 vols. pp. 833. 20s. boards.*

AFTER 175 closely printed pages of characters of, and eulogies on, Mr. Fox, in prose and verse, by contemporary writers, we come to the original character of this great statesman, which now, for the first time, makes its appearance from the pen of Philopatris Varvicensis. The learned author appears not only to have been personally acquainted with Mr. Fox, but to have experienced no small share of his confidence and regard; and therefore, he must be considered as better qualified to appreciate his character than many who have attempted it without these advantages. We must at the same time remember that this character is not only the production of a personal friend of Mr. Fox, but of one of the first scholars and critics of the age. We have therefore every reason to expect that it will be drawn not only with great accuracy and fidelity, but with great ability and discrimination.

The character itself is written in the form of a letter of condolence; and we fear that the author has in some measure injured his work by employing the desultory laxity of the epistolary style, to delineate the genius and virtues of his revered and illustrious friend. One of the first defects, which strikes us in this character, is the want of that luminous arrangement, which would have given more unity to the whole, and more identity to the resemblance. It appears more like a piecemeal production, than one written on any deliberate plan or of which the parts were regularly disposed and harmoniously combined in the mind of the author, before they were thrown upon paper. It is a picture which is not sufficiently varied with light and shade. It is a

portrait, which rather shows us some particular features of the man, often indeed vividly and forcibly sketched, than the whole contour of the likeness, which is only confusedly and indistinctly seen. This defect may, in some measure, be ascribed to the form which the learned author chose for the communication of his sentiments. Instead of a letter, it should have been composed rather in the shape of an essay on the political wisdom, the oratorical excellence, and the private worth of Mr. Fox.

After some few sentences of introductory condolence, we have several paragraphs of general rather than particular praise of the eloquence and the virtue, the political, intellectual, and moral excellences of Mr. Fox; when we come to something more like specific and individual delineation, where we are told that Mr. Fox 'repeated the noblest passages in the best English, French, and Italian poets; and in the best epic and dramatic writers of antiquity,' with readiness, correctness, and enthusiastic animation.

There is some information relative to Mr. Fox in the following passage, which is not perhaps generally known, and which we shall therefore quote:

'He read the most celebrated authors of Greece and Rome, not only with exquisite taste, but with philological precision, and the mind which had been employed in balancing the fate of kingdoms seemed occasionally, like that of Caesar, when he wrote upon grammatical analogy, to put forth its whole might upon the structure of sentences, the etymology of words, the import of particles, the quantity of syllables, and all the nicest distinctions of those metrical canons, which some of our ingenious countrymen have laid down for the different kinds of verse in the learned languages. Even in these subordinate accomplishments he was wholly exempt from pedantry. He could amuse without ostentation, while he instructed without arrogance. He enlarged his own knowledge of real life by reflecting upon fictitious representations of characters and manners; and by the productions of the comic and the tragic muse, he was prepared to give greater compass to his arguments, greater vivacity to his illustrations, and greater ardour to his remonstrances and warnings in parliamentary discussions. Thus he turned to the most important uses in practice those acquisitions, in which the generality of men are content to look only for the gratification of harmless curiosity, or the employment of vacant hours, for speculative improvement, or literary fame.'

We have soon after this some well discriminated remarks on the colloquial powers of Mr. Fox.

'Mr. Fox had neither the general taciturnity of Mr. Addison who, "without having nine pence in his pocket, could draw for

a thousand pounds;" nor the general felicity of Mr. Burke, who, "take him up where you would, was ready to meet you; who talked, not from the desire of distinction, but because he was full; whose conversation, beyond that of any other man, corresponded with his general fame; and yet, who, upon some occasions, was satisfied with ringing the bell" to our indefatigable, inexhaustible, indomitable lexicographer. But you and I can look back to many hours, when Mr. Fox was not content to be *auditor tantum*—when, with the utmost alacrity, he would take his share in the liveliest and the gravest discussions—when he trifled without loss of dignity, or disputed without loss of temper—when he opposed, only because he really dissented, and yielded as soon as he was convinced—when, without preparation he overcame the strong, and without display he excelled the brilliant. Sometimes indeed he was indolent, but never dull; and sometimes reserved, but never morose. He was swift to hear, for the purpose of knowing and examining what scholars and men of sense were disposed to communicate, and slow to speak, from unwillingness to grapple with the ostentations, and to annoy the diffident. Though he commanded the attention of senates, he was not therefore presumptuous enough to slight the good opinion of wise and learned companions. But he might often meet them with spirits exhausted by intense exertion in public debate, or private reflection. He might carry with him trains of thinking, which were connected with political subjects of high importance, and which produced in him a temporary indifference to literary discussions. He might, in the society even of literary men, have sometimes looked for opportunities of relaxation, rather than exercise. But when silent, he was not contemptuous, and when communicative, he was not vain. Perhaps a general description of his colloquial powers could not be given more properly than by contrasting them with the defects which Johnson imputed to the writings of Dr. Mudge.

'Mr. Fox never "grasped more sense than he could hold." He never "took more corn than he could make into meal." "The prospects he opened were wide, but never so distant as to be indistinct."

His exertions, when the importance of the subject or the cheerfulness of his spirits induced him to make any, were not unworthy of his general fame. But they were not frequent enough to impress common observers with the same admiration which they must have felt from the promptness, the acuteness, and the fertility of Mr. Burke and Dr. Johnson, in almost every company, and upon almost every topic. Let us, however, remember that the mind which rushed with the impetuosity of a torrent over the broad level and the rugged precipices of debate, was, in the current of common life,

'Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.'—

That Mr. Fox conversed in private circles as he spoke before a public audience, for the purpose not of triumph, but investigation—that he never crushed his associates by insolent contradiction, nor endeavoured to mislead them by ingenious sophistry; that he listened to every objection with good manners, and answered it with good nature, as well as good sense.'

The metaphysical reading of Mr. Fox is said to have been 'desultory, and perhaps scanty'; but he must vigorously have cultivated that faculty of analysis, of which metaphysical studies perhaps more than any other favour the improvement. Questions of the most complex kind are constantly offered to the consideration of statesmen; and Mr. Fox certainly excelled all his contemporaries in reducing these to the most simple forms, and in tracing the infinite ramification of particulars to the great trunk of a few general principles. He appears always to have seen his way clear; and to have pointed out to others the right path, where the minds of common men would have been lost in a labyrinth of erroneous calculations.

The oratory of Mr. Fox was often resplendently displayed in vanquishing the pertinacious, prejudiced, and narrow-minded resistance which he experienced from the lawyers in the House of Commons.

'He shewed,' says the author, 'peculiar dexterity in unravelling the webs of technical sophistry, and peculiar zeal, too, in scattering to the winds all the mischievous fallacies wrapped up in them by certain disputants, who, from the mechanical influence of their daily employment, direct their attention to the darker side of human characters and human affairs, who feel their usefulness to consist, rather in enforcing restraints, than in regulating encouragements, who too frequently acquire more expertness in imparting plausibility to misrepresentation, than luminousness to truth, who sometimes lose in real wisdom not less than they gain in artificial subtlety, and who chiefly derive their information from the remote analogies or arbitrary rules of jurisprudence, rather than from the affinities and contrarieties of political systems, and the diversified energies of moral causes.'

'Such, dear sir, seemed to be the opinion of Mr. Fox, when he rose to explain what others had been labouring to distort or to disguise—when he extricated right premises from the knots of wrong conclusions—when he opened some new tract to principles, through a long and crowded maze of precedents—when he rescued credulity from the snares spread for its weakness, by the nimble slights of interpretation, and amidst "the noisy strife of tongues"—when he crushed petulance under the weight of argument—when he vanquished ingenuity by the tactics of

common sense—when he set well disciplined facts in array against a column of sturdy assumptions, preceded by raw recruits of jests and jeers, protected in the more vulnerable quarters, by light hussars of quirks and quibbles, and followed by a sable rear-guard of veteran truisms, ready at any time to swell ‘the pomp and circumstance’ of wordy war, and to serve like Swiss mercenaries, under any leader, and in any cause.’

An admirable parallel is soon afterwards drawn by the author, between the lawyers and the schoolmen, in which *Philopatris* exhibits his usual nicety of verbal distinctions and his wonted copiousness of phrase. The negligent complacency of Mr. Fox’s general behaviour to persons of all ranks is thus justly described :

‘ It was the native ease and frankness of a mind reposing on the consciousness of its own strength, and disdaining to force attention by turbulent self-importance, or to conciliate favour by appearing to be what it was not. Among judicious observers of the real man, it had the same effect which artists ascribe to wet drapery on well-wrought statues. It delighted his friends, it softened for a while his enemies, and it offended only vain and testy persons who overrated perhaps their own consequence, and who had been taught to estimate the propriety of demeanour by its studied and multiplied formalities.’

The author then, with considerable felicity of argument and illustration, refutes the malevolent calumny, which was once very rife in the neighbourhood of St. James’s, that Mr. Fox had been guilty of personal disrespect to the sovereign. He concludes with saying, that he has never been able to trace this story

‘ beyond the prattle of those gaudy triflers, whose busy hum and mischievous whispers ought not to be tolerated for one moment in quarters where the temptations to lying are so strong, the opportunities so numerous, and the consequences so pernicious.’

We think that the author is, on the whole, more happy in delineating the character of Mr. Fox as an orator than as a man. In this part of his work we follow him with more pleasure and interest than in the preceding. Here we wish neither to add nor to take away. Here we shall quote largely, and with unmixed satisfaction.

‘ The most severe and fastidious critic would hardly withhold the praise of originality from the manner of Mr. Fox’s eloquence, and perhaps no public speaker has an equal claim to the encomium which Quintilian bestowed upon the philosophical writ-

ings of Brutus: " *Scias eum sentire quæ dicit.*" Systematically Mr. Fox imitated no man, and to no man, who is not endowed with the same robustness of intellect, and the same frankness of disposition, is he a model for imitation. The profuse imagery of Mr. Burke, and the lofty sententiousness of Mr. Pitt, have produced many followers among the "*tumidos, ac sui jactantes, et ambitiosos institores eloquentiae.*" But the simple and native grandeur of Mr. Fox is likely to stand alone in the records of English oratory. Every man of taste would abandon the hope of resembling him in the rapidity of his elocution, in the quickness and multiplicity of his conceptions, in the inartificial and diversified structure of his diction, in the alertness of his escapes from objections which we should have pronounced insuperable, in the fresh interest he poured into topics which seemed to be exhausted, and in the unexpected turn he gave to parliamentary conflicts, which had already exercised the prowess of veteran combatants. Every man of sense, if he reflects upon these transcendental excellences, will cease to wonder at the complaints which hearers in the gallery, and hearers on the floor of the senate, have so often made of their inability to follow Mr. Fox through all his impetuous sallies, his swift marches, and his sudden evolutions—to calculate at the moment all the value of arguments acute without refinement, and ponderous without exaggeration—to discern all the sources and all the bearings of one observation, when, without any respite to their attention, they were called away to listen to another equally apposite, sound, and comprehensive.

Every person, who has heard Mr. Fox speak, will undoubtedly assent to the truth and justness of the following observations.

The openings of his speeches were, I grant, sometimes slovenly and uninteresting, and sometimes he seemed to be deserted by words, when his mind was oppressed by crowds of thought which outran his powers of utterance, and which it was impossible for any resolution to repress, or any ingenuity to methodise instantaneously. But as he advanced, he never failed to summon up growing strength with the growing importance of the subject—never slackened his pace for the sake of momentary relief to himself from intense exertion—never digressed designedly for the mere purpose of amusing or deceiving his audience, nor ever stumbled without the power of rising from his fall with increased vigour and increased speed. In the close, he rarely professed to assist the indolent by recapitulation, or endeavoured to sooth the captious by apology: he disdained to catch applause by a glittering sentiment or a sonorous period: he said what at the instant appeared fittest to be said, and according to the different states of his own mind, or the different characters of the question,

he was temperate without languor, earnest without turbulence, pithy without quaintness, or solemn without grimace.

Again, says the eloquent writer,

' Mr. Fox did not bestrew his exordiums with technical phrases coined in the mintage of rhetoric. He did not tacitly compliment the sagacity of his hearers, nor entrap them into admiration of his own precision, by loud and reiterated professions of solicitude to be precise. He did not begin with requiring their attention to a long and elaborate series of divisions, and then insidiously throw in some extraneous matter to make them overlook the studied violation of the order before proposed, to catch the credulous by surprise, and to let the unwary imagine that a difficulty had been solved, because the intention of solving it had been confidently announced. His transitions were indeed abrupt, but not offensive. They exercised our judgment, but did not perplex or mislead it. Artless and eager, he pushed onwards where inferior speakers would have been anxiously employed in anticipating petty cavils, in deprecating perverse interpretations, in stimulating the dull, and flattering the attentive. If a vivid conception sprung up in his mind, he chased it till he had seized and laid open every property which belonged to his subject, and upon quitting it, he without effort returned to the leading points of the debate.'

The author next animadverts with considerable force of argument and display of eloquence upon an assertion, which has been ascribed to Mr. Burke, by Sir James Mackintosh, in his elegant character of Mr. Fox. The words which are imputed to Mr. Burke, are—' Mr. Fox, to be sure, was a man born to be loved,' and ' by slow degrees he became the most brilliant and accomplished debater Mr. Burke had ever seen.' Philopatris seems to suppose that these words were employed by Mr. Burke, and insidiously quoted by Sir James Mackintosh, to depreciate the oratorical excellence of Mr. Fox, and to cancel his claim to the praise of the highest eloquence. We were inclined to be of this opinion, on first reading this character of Mr. Fox, by Sir James Mackintosh; but a recent and more attentive perusal has caused some change in that opinion. The following extract from the character of Sir James, while it, in a few words, most happily delineates the manner of Mr. Fox as a public speaker, bestows on him the most exalted praise which eloquence can claim.

' When he began to speak,' says the recorder of Bombay, ' a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the ex-

quisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But, no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. *He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction.*

Perhaps it would be impossible to ascribe to any man more transcendent powers of eloquence than Sir James Mackintosh has attributed to Mr. Fox, in the words which we have printed in italics. Sir James adds, what certainly was not intended to qualify nor extenuate the eulogy :

*'He certainly possessed, above all moderns, that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenian speaker since Demosthenes.'*

When Sir James afterwards quotes the words of Mr. Burke, who says that he rose 'by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw,' we do not think that he purposed to detract in the least from the eloquence of Mr. Fox, which he had just described in language worthy of the subject; but that he used the word '*debater*', not as meaning a mere contentious wrangler, or wordy disputant in the forum of politics, but a man who was eminently qualified to shine in a popular assembly, to force conviction on his auditors, to efface the impressions of his opponents, and to triumph over the passions and the opinions of those who heard the thunder of his voice. Could higher praise than this be bestowed on Demosthenes, or on any other orator of ancient or modern times?

Mr. Burke probably used the word '*debater*' without much precision, as denoting generally one who took an active part in the contentions of the English parliament; and, if to this general idea of a speaker in a popular assembly we add 'the most brilliant and accomplished' 'that the world ever saw,' no parsimony of praise can *in this instance* justly be imputed either to Mr. Burke or to Sir James Mackintosh.

Had Sir J. M. used the words in question with insidious detraction, merely to lower the oratory of Mr. Fox in the public estimation, as if it were merely the art of a prize-fighting controversialist, he would not certainly have decorated him with such rich, such ample, but appropriate praise, as the preceding sentences, which we have extracted from his character, contain. We shall not therefore quarrel with Mr. Burke, nor with Sir James Mackintosh, for calling Mr. Fox '*the most brilliant and accomplished DEBATER*' in any age or country.

in the world. Neither of them probably used the term with philological precision; and we suppose that if the word *speaker* or *orator* had been substituted for *debater*, even our erudite friend Philopatris Varvicensis would allow that neither Mr. Burke nor Sir James Mackintosh were envious panegyrists.

Those to whom we are best known will not rashly accuse us of any intention to flatter either the *manes* of Mr. Burke, whom we do not perhaps venerate quite so much as even Philopatris Varvicensis, or the living personality of Sir James Mackintosh, who is a stranger to us, and to whom we are strangers. But we thought it a duty thus briefly to defend both the deceased Mr. Burke and the still living Sir James Mackintosh from a misconception we are sure, a perfectly unintentional misconception of their words, by the erudite author of this work. We have still great pleasure in quoting part of what Philopatris says to prove that Mr. Fox was something more than the ‘most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw,’ because it will apply to the general character of Mr. Fox’s eloquence, whether the term *debater* were only laxly and inconsiderately used by Sir James Mackintosh, or strictly and insidiously employed on purpose to tarnish the splendour of his oratorical fame.

‘If,’ says Philopatris Varvicensis, ‘readiness in the application of general principles to particular occasions—if the fruits of long and laborious research into the usages of parliament, into the spirit of jurisprudence in our own and foreign countries, into the laws of nations, into the national character and national resources of allies and foes, into the opinions, practices, and memorable sayings of the most renowned statesmen in all governments, popular and regal, and all ages, ancient and modern, and into the causes and circumstances of all the great events by which great empires have been raised or depressed---if copiousness, and even felicity in illustrating---if earnestness in enforcing---if vehemence in refuting---if plainness of language without vulgarity, and grandeur without bombast---if these be the constituents of oratory, Mr. Fox has a most indisputable claim to the name of an orator. Whether indeed the merit of Mr. Fox be measured by his ability to enlighten a senate, or assist in a cabinet, to accommodate speculation to action, or combine utility with truth, we see the same unclouded perspicuity in his statements, the same undisturbed regularity in his reasonings, the same peculiar and varied colours in his diction, and the same correctness, fertility, and originality in his conceptions.---Yes, he was a wonderful speaker, a wonderful statesman, and in perseverance, patience, placability, and probity, a most wonderful man.’

The following criterion of the real, essential excellence of

Mr. Fox's oratory appears to us to be singularly judicious and wise :

' While some great and long-expected event is suspended, or some important interest is at stake, we are impressed instantaneously by the slightest as well as the weightiest considerations which a skilful orator may set before us---After those events have gone by, or those interests have ceased to be implicated in the discussion of any political question, our attention languishes, and our indifference generally passes from the question itself to every object associated with it in the speeches, the writings, or even the actions of men. But wheresoever this is not the case---where, after a lapse of time, after the cessation of all personal concern, and in the absence of immediate sympathy with a speaker or an audience, we feel as it were his ideal presence---where the anticipations of memory furnish gratifications not less enchanting than novelty itself---where the illusions of imagination convert the past into the present---where the affections preserve a kind of elastic force after impulse upon impulse, and vibrate again and again in the same direction, with undiminished vigour, can we require a more decisive proof of genius in the orator, who can at will thus call into action every strong and every agreeable emotion? Let the merits of Mr. Fox's ablest orations be tried by this test. For my part, when I look into them by mere chance, I cannot quit the mingled nourishment and luxury of the intellectual repast, till I come to the close of the banquet. Laying before me clearly all the links between cause and effect; opening up to me all the principles by which the most momentous concerns of life are governed; abounding with inartificial, but most impassioned addresses to the best feelings of the soul; and elevated by the proper application of those hallowed maxims, which, if introduced without the rant of fanaticism, or the wine of hypocrisy, cannot fail to remind us that we are moral beings, destined to act, and to be acted upon, amidst other beings endowed with the same faculties, and subjected to the same responsibility, those speeches both instruct and interest me now, not less than they instructed and interested me upon a first perusal, when many external circumstances might be supposed to concur in accelerating and augmenting their effect.,

Though we think that the author has been more diffuse in his strictures on the expressions of Mr. Burke and the quotation of Sir James Mackintosh than the occasion required, yet, in another passage of his work *Philopatris* appears to us to have bestowed a greater share of praise on the former gentleman than we expected to read, and than we believe him entitled to receive.

' In the controversy,' says the author, ' which arose about a late revolution, Mr. Burke is entitled to my gratitude and my respect,

for spreading before the world many adamantine and imperishable truths, which are quite worthy of protection from his zeal, and embellishment from his eloquence—many, which unfold the secret springs of human action, and their effects upon human happiness—many, in which he unites the ready discernment of a statesman with the profound views of a philosopher—many, which at all times, and in all countries, must deserve the serious consideration of all governors and all subjects—many, which at a most important crisis, might have averted the outrages and the calamities we have to lament in a neighbouring kingdom—many, which the principles of our own constitution amply justified, and in which the good morals and the good order of society were interested deeply and permanently.'

We do not think that the expressions, 'spreading before the world adamantine and imperishable truths' are the happiest which the author could have chosen from his sumptuous wardrobe of rhetorical phraseology. We have heard farmers talk of 'spreading manure on their fields,' but if these truths were *adamantine*, how could they be spread? We may spread mould, but we cannot, in the same sense, spread a substance harder than Portland stone. Besides, if these truths were '*adamantine* and *imperishable*', as the author asserts, what *protection* could they derive from the zeal of Mr. Burke? That these truths might be embellished by his eloquence we can in some degree allow; but then the embellishment would not heighten the attractions any more than a Norwich shawl thrown over the bosom of the *Venus de Medicis*. We are next told that Mr. Burke 'spread before the world' many truths 'which unfold the secret springs of human action,' now though we were formerly conversant with the political writings of Mr. Burke, we do not remember any truths that he ever unfolded which had not been disclosed many ages before he was born. The author adds, that Mr. Burke 'spread before the world' many truths, 'in which he unites the ready discernment of a statesman with the profound views of a philosopher.' If the sagacity by which a man discovers that, by relinquishing his former opinions and deserting his oldest and dearest friends and connexions, he may add to his stock of personal emolument, however much he may deduct from his individual respectability, constitute '*the ready discernment of a statesman*', we will not refuse to Mr. Burke this species of panegyric. But we hardly know how, by any mode of interpretation, to ascribe to him the '*profoundness of a philosopher*', unless '*profound*' be equivalent to *subterraneous* and *dark*. For though we might readily allow that Mr. Burke cast his prying eyes with malicious penetration into the abyss

beneath, we cannot so willingly accede that he lifted them up, like a benevolent religionist, to the heavens above.

Philopatris himself soon after spares us the necessity of delineating the character of Mr. Burke; for he says that

' his judgment and his imagination were under the tyranny of his undisciplined and angry passions—that he infused into his writings the same unexampled and unrelenting violence which burst forth in his speeches—that his railing was sometimes tainted with the venom of vulgar malignity, his statements encumbered with hideous exaggeration, and his metaphors bloated and disfigured by the introduction of the most loathsome images,' that 'in his pamphleteering attack upon the late Duke of Bedford, he trampled on the ashes of the dead, in order to wreak his spleen against the living—that he played off the most formidable artillery of argument and ridicule that ever was pointed against the interests of that aristocracy which he had undertaken to defend;'—' that he insulted and exasperated instead of endeavouring to enlighten and conciliate the lower ranks of the community.'

The passage which we shall next quote, while, we fear, that it exhibits but too true a picture of the interior of Mr. Burke's bosom after his apostacy, furnishes an accurate description of those inward dissatisfactions, those corrosive pangs and unspeakable regrets, which are usually experienced by interested and perfidious apostates. Let the words of the author be well and seriously pondered by those who are pausing in the vestibule of TREACHERY, before they ask admission at the door. HYPOCRISY may smile as they enter, and CORRUPTION may point to her cups of sweets or her hoards of gold; but CONSCIENCE with her scorpions pursues them by day and scares them by night.

' Proselytes, after a few misgivings, soon glow with the real or pretended fervour of zealots—Zealots, expecting opposition, cool into determined bigots—and bigots, meeting with it, rankle into persecutors. In order to obtain protection against the indignation of the persons whom they have deserted, they adopt every prejudice, inflame every passion, and minister indiscriminately to every good and every bad purpose of the party to whom they have delivered over their interests and their honour—But if they happen to be gifted with keen sensibility, most salutary is the warning which they furnish to men who are yet hesitating on the threshold of guilt: for, in sudden wealth, or fleeting popularity, they receive a very precarious recompence for the want of those gratifications which honest ambition had formerly supplied—Impatient of that dreary vacuity, which in active minds follows the loss of their wonted employments, they

prowl for some prey to their growing appetite for mischief, and discerning it in the associates whose regard they suppose to be alienated, they spring with equal fury upon their defects and their accomplishments, their failings and their virtues—They are too stiff-necked to propose any reasonable terms of accommodation, and too high-crested to accept forgiveness, even when they are required to forgive—They brood in silence over the wrongs they have committed, and the retaliations they have provoked—They find themselves alike insensible to the comforts of solitude, and the joys of society—They vainly call to their aid the visions of self-delusion, and the blandishments of flattery, when they would bar the avenues of their hearts against the intrusions of remorse—They hate where they are conscious of not being loved, and try without success to love, where they are doubtful how long they may be themselves esteemed—Worn out, at last, with unceasing inquietude, they are numbered among the dead, with scarcely one sigh from those whom they have abandoned, or one blessing from those whom they have courted. Such are the effects of a wounded spirit, and happy it is for us to remember, that Mr. Fox neither felt, nor deserved to feel them.'

Much sagacity and good sense, and to those who will reflect, much instruction are contained in the general remark which is included in the two first sentences of the following quotation; and much discrimination and justness are evinced in that remark as specifically applied to Mr. Burke, to Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox. The truth itself, which shows how mankind ultimately apportion their esteem rather to virtue and to principle than to more dazzling qualities, ought to be continually brought before the view of men in exalted publications, that they may be taught that the regard of their fellow-creatures, which is always the object of honourable ambition, can be rendered permanent only by the practice of incorruptible integrity:

' Strong and agreeable,' says the venerable writer, ' as are the feelings of admiration, yet, unless they be sustained by the approbation of moral qualities in their object, they gradually languish, and at length subside into cold indifference. Though wit for a time may amuse, and genius delight us, the good sense and justice of mankind induce them to take a permanent interest only in the disposition of the heart. Mr. Burke, who, by the sorcery of his eloquence, had captivated the senate, agitated a whole people with indignation and terror, and stirred up sovereigns to hostile confederacies, is at this hour almost forgotten by those whom he had endeavoured to please, and those whom he had wantonly provoked—by the supple race of courtiers, and by the "swinish herd." Mr. Pitt seems to be less censured by his former adversaries, and less idolized by his former panegyrist. The gratitude of some for

favours received, the predilection of others for the system of politics which is now thought to prevail, the pleasing remembrance of personal friendship, and the sincere participation of that respect which *all* his countrymen felt for his magnanimous contempt of self, preserve some degree of veneration, and I add, affection for his name. No man was ever more applauded in the zenith of his power; and conspicuous, most assuredly, will be his talents in the records of history. Yet the brilliancy of many of his speeches has faded with the freshness of the occasion which produced them, and the sentiment of popular admiration which during his life-time was most lively, has undergone a partial decay. But Mr. Fox, who had little to give beyond good wishes, and little to receive from other men, beside the same wishes as the recompence of his good meaning, even now keeps a hold, which from the regret that mingles with it, is stronger, perhaps, than that which he had when he was living, upon our attention, esteem, and love. He will long continue to keep it, because his actions were not at variance with his professions, because his political virtues were not disproportionate to his political abilities, and because his errors and infirmities were not accompanied by cowardice, fickleness, dissimulation, or venality.'

After some remarks on the closing scene of Mr. Fox's life, on the regrets which were excited by his death, and the respect with which his remains were attended to his long home, the author says,

'They who pursue the plain and straight course from which he never swerved, will do just homage to his moral and intellectual excellences, and will obtain to themselves immortal honour for their sagacity, their fortitude, and their integrity. But they who strike aside into the dark and crooked bye-paths which he always shunned, will stand convicted of insulting his memory, of sacrificing patriotism to selfishness, and of heaping disgrace and destruction upon that empire, which his principles had adorned, and which his counsels might have preserved.'

The ample extracts which we have made from this work will enable our readers to form some opinion on the merits of the execution. The character itself contains many splendid passages, but there is much inequality in the whole. The arrangement, if there ever were any, is so confused, that it is difficult to be perceived. The abstract reflections and the general remarks ought to have been illustrated by particulars in the life of Mr. Fox. For want of historical and biographical exemplification, some of those passages, on which the author probably bestowed the most pains, possess the least interest. The digressions are too numerous, and serve only to cause a fruitless interruption in the continuity of the

sketch, and take the attention too much off the original portrait, which ought never to be withdrawn from the sight. In the delineations of character, when extraneous sketches are introduced, it should be done only to heighten the effect by means of contrast. Though we have no doubt that the author composes with facility, yet, we know not whence it arises, but most of his sentences appear to have been produced with effort. The author's brain is often in travail, but *Lucina* does not always favour the birth. The *fœtus* which is born is indeed rarely deficient in bulk, but it is more seldom that it possesses simplicity of form or elegance of appearance.

When the ideas of the author are filled with the ore of pure gold, it is often beaten out into such thin lamina in the expanse of his diction, that the perception of solidity, of weight and value, almost disappear. *Philopatris* is a great master of words; but there are occasions when he pours forth more than the occasion requires. Perspicuity is the first beauty of style; and whether we may agree or disagree with the Grevian masters, we think that good sense will warrant us in affirming that precision is the next. Why do we speak or write but to be understood? but is not the sense always tardily conveyed to the understanding where the speaker or the writer employs a superfluity of words? It is now generally agreed, that all metaphorical glitter should be avoided in a philosophical treatise, as tending rather to dazzle the mind, than to enable it to see clear. Perhaps as we make farther advances in good taste, which is nothing more than good sense, our political and moral writers will learn to avoid all rhetorical embellishment which the subject itself does not spontaneously suggest.

If flowers naturally spring up in the intellectual path, owing to the inherent fertility of the soil, it may sometimes be advisable to let them bud, and bloom, and shed their fragrance around; but an author is very injudicious who suffers his diction to display more blossoms than fruit. The pages of *Philopatris* are often crowded with metaphors: and those metaphors are inflated by amplification beyond their natural dimensions. The mind of the author is full of imagery; and though that imagery is often very sumptuous, yet it is not always proportioned to his need. When *Philopatris* once begins to chase a favourite idea, he does not quit it till he has tortured it to death. We are not very often friends to long sentences; for long sentences are enemies to perspicuity. But some of the sentences of *Philopatris Varicensis* are extended to such a length, that he must have good lungs who can read from the beginning to the end without being out of breath. One of these sentences occupies no less than four pages (vol. 1. pp. 283—287).

and clause is piled upon clause, till the memory is confused and the clue of connection is lost. Though it may not be easy to fix the precise number of members or clauses of which a sentence should consist, yet the good sense of the writer will generally suggest the boundary which it ought not to exceed. It ought not to be so great as to exhaust the attention and perplex the memory. There is a rule of correctness, of proportion and of beauty, in a well-formed mind, which is better than all the rules of the ancients. Philopatris Varvicensis would have written better if his learning had been less. We do not blame deference to authority; it may be and it often is both prudent and wise: but a man ought always to rely rather on his own strength than on artificial props. Philopatris Varvicensis often suffers his erudition to weaken the native vigour of his understanding. He often invokes other writers to his aid, when their arguments are less clear or more feeble than his own.

When some ancient or modern writer has expressed any argument more forcibly than we possess the capacity of doing, it may be excusable to employ his words, and to spare our own; but what end can it serve to strew the page with innumerable quotations? It may indicate learning, or rather the possession of books; for a man with a large library may quote to any extent that he thinks fit. But does it promote intellectual proficiency? Does it serve the cause of truth? We think not. The practice was very common to obstruct the page, confuse the mind, and perplex the sight with quotations in writers of the century before the last, but the custom has gradually grown into disuse as learning has been more generally diffused. A writer is not now thought more judicious nor more wise, merely because he can produce numerous passages from the poets, orators, and historians of Greece or Rome. We do not say that Philopatris merits the name of pedant. Pedantry supposes the *affectation* of learning, and Philopatris is too *really* learned and too unaffectedly erudite to merit the name. But still we should have been more pleased if he had been more sparing of his quotations. His memory is very retentive, his faculty of association quick, and his reading exuberant; but, what we want to see is rather *what he himself thinks on the subjects of which he treats*, than what others have thought before. He who writes English, writes, we hope, to be understood by an English reader; but how is an English reader to understand English, no small portion of which is Greek? What should we think of an English writer, every other sentence of whose book should be a quotation from the Welch? Even Philopatris would not commend this? And why? because he

does not understand the language of the ancient Britons. But how many Britons of a more modern date are ignorant of his Latin and his Greek?

One of the notes in the second volume of this work, which we have not space to notice as it deserves, is a treatise on capital punishments. This subject is treated with great force of sentiment and great variety of erudition. But even this note, which, in quantity of matter and extent of discussion, is in itself a volume, is rather a cento of passages from other writers than a regular and well-compacted whole.

The mind of Philopatris Varvicensis is certainly one of superior powers; but those powers, instead of being concentrated to a point, and directing their whole strength to a single object, are frittered away in a constant search after the opinions of others, which he details with scrupulous nicety and often with unnecessary minuteness.

If Philopatris Varvicensis be convinced that capital punishments are unjust in their principle and mischievous in their tendencies, and if he be capable, (and who can question his capacity?) of supporting his own opinion and of refuting the opposite, by a series of convincing and lucid arguments, why should he rest the main strength of his case rather on authority than on argument? We did not want him on this occasion to detail the maxims of ancient jurisprudence, nor the well-known opinions of Montesquieu, Hume, Blackstone, Paley, and fifty others of inferior note, but to put forth the whole force of his own energetic and active mind in the defence of his hypothesis. Our wish is not so much to be told what Hume or Paley thought, but what Philopatris thinks. Inferior writers may strengthen their weakness or relieve their dulness by reference to authorities and appeals to the living or the dead; but an author of such transcendent abilities as Philopatris Varvicensis should take the field of controversy without any subsidiary troops, and should trust for victory to his own unrivalled powers.

It often happens that when Philopatris has produced a few splendid sentences in which the thoughts, the imagery, and the expressions are the unborrowed product of his own mind, and when we are most highly gratified by the rich display of his intellectual preeminence, the pleasure is suddenly dissipated and the charm broken, by a piebald paragraph of quotations, which divert the attention from the principal subject, throw the thoughts into a new train, and chill the glowing sentiment of admiration.

Philopatris, as we have remarked above, is one of the few writers who would have written better if he had read less.

Much reading has made him anxious to display its variety and extent. His book-lore is greater than that of most other men; and he seems restless till he has let others know how wide and excursive has been his range. Hence his intellectual vigour is exerted rather in mustering and embattling the opinions of others, than in copiously explaining and energetically defending his own.

The other notes, which compose the second volume, will afford a rich repast to those who are fond of desultory erudition, who gaze with wonder on a sumptuous display of man-coloured eloquence, and love to feast on a varied dessert of Greek, Latin, and English, all placed on the same table, and served up in the same dish.

It would have given us the most heartfelt pleasure if we could have bestowed a more unqualified eulogy on this singular publication. On some admirable passages in the character of Mr. Fox our praise has, we trust, been liberally, and we are sure that it has been joyfully, conferred. Philopatris has many claims to our personal esteem;—but as reviewers, we consider ourselves in some measure entrusted with the custody of the public taste. This is a sacred deposit, which, from the commencement of our labours, we have never wilfully betrayed. We know that many persons are wont to look up to Philopatris as a paragon of erudition; who may perhaps suppose that they cannot do wrong, if they adopt his mode of composition as the criterion of excellence. But we cannot conscientiously recommend the style of Philopatris as a model of perfection. It abounds with a pompous prodigality of phrase, of which the imitation must vitiate the taste. Juvenile minds are particularly liable to be captivated by the phantom of a great name; but it is the duty of a reviewer, as far as the sphere of his influence extends, to act on this occasion, as well as on many others, as the admonisher of unwary youth, to point out the seductive blandishments which are scattered in the works of the greatest masters, and to execute the sacred functions of criticism with rigid impartiality, without being diverted from the practice either by friendship or by enmity.

ART. II.—*Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk; a metrical Romance.* 4to. pp. 240. Cadell. 1809.

THE readers of the Critical Review are in possession of our general sentiments regarding that species of modern poetry to which its inventors have chosen to affix the term 'metrical romance.' A successful leader will soon bring the

most pernicious novelty into fashion, whether in politics, philosophy, or religion. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the influence of unquestioned genius should have made many proselytes to the comparatively harmless innovation of a system of versification; and we are fully aware that, in opposing the partisans of a new doctrine which we (whether right or wrong) consider as inimical to the true interests of English poetry, we have incurred the risk of becoming so far obnoxious to a majority of our readers.

Our duty (or that which we conceive to be our duty) is the only ground of defence on which we rely for pardon from these "admirers of the old style of pathos;" but since, further to combat the system which we condemn would be only to tread again in the same steps that we have trodden before (for if our former arguments do not suffice, we know of no new ones that are likely to work the conversion of our opponents); to avoid unnecessary and painful repetition, we will proceed to our review of the poem now before us with reference only to the individual merits of its execution, and without a remark on the class of poetry to which it avowedly belongs.

We consider ourselves absolved from this task with the greater pleasure, because the beauties of the performance are of a nature almost independent of the style or method of its versification, of a description (unless our judgment has in this instance been misled by our feelings) too exalted to be materially depressed or elevated by the mere structure of the language in which they are conveyed. We can speak only from the impression made on our own minds by the perusal; and must honestly confess, that after we had proceeded far enough in the narrative to be interested in the event and associated in imagination with its illustrious hero, it became to us a matter of total indifference whether the line before us measured ten or only eight feet in length; whether we were reading a "metrical romance" or an epic poem. In the spirit of cool and cautious criticism we should not say indeed that we approve of the style which the poet has chosen, or that we do not wish a more regular and majestic method of versification had been preferred; but we had much rather lay these considerations aside, or leave them to the judgment of our readers, who may allow them as much weight as they deserve after they have read the poem.

We should not, perhaps, omit to state, that report attributes the honour of this composition to a female, and, indeed, the introductory verses 'to Miss Gertrude Louisa Allen,' seem to sanction the rumour. Beyond this, and her own avowal that she is an Englishwoman, we have no knowledge

nor suspicion whatever of the author's name or circumstances. Presuming, however, on the truth of what we have heard, we will venture to say that there is no living poet of our sex in whose works those feelings which constitute the perfection of the poetical character are so strongly and unequivocally marked as in the writings of two ladies. One of these is the boast of Scotland; and if we express a degree of satisfaction in hailing the other as a native of the country *south of the Tweed*, let her not attribute it to the spirit of national jealousy (which, though she justly condemns, she has not, we think, instanced by a just example\*), but to that of an honourable emulation; disliking, not to see an Englishman outdone, but to believe that Englishmen are unable to equal the outdoings of others.

We are not much pleased with the opening of the poem. If the *muses* must be addressed at all, due deference should be paid to their character, and to the recollection that all the realms of poetry were, by the fiction which created them, submitted to their jurisdiction. Does not a disclaimer of their assistance, then, sound a little contradictory from the mouth of a poet? But, waving this objection (which possibly is not a very sound one), something of formality and quaintness, at least, would have been spared, had the poem opened with the second stanza, and the 'Maids of Helicon' been let alone; for the succeeding invocation is not only sufficient by way of introduction, but displays so much warmth of imagination as to afford a favourable presage of what is to follow.

'Dark Spirit of the northern lay,  
Hear from thy misty mountain bleak and cold!  
Pour on my sight long ages pass'd away!  
Shew me the deeds of old!  
*With thy unutterable spell*  
*Bid this adventurous breast to swell!*  
Giye to my awe-struck ears  
The murmurs deep of long-sepulchred years;  
And to my wildly wandering eyes  
Bid the dim forms of mouldering chiefs arise,  
From the green cairn's moss-mantled stone,  
To those who sleep with kings—the regal dust of Sccone.'

\* Sir Pertinax Macsycephant, whatever might have been the intention of Macklin, is not now to be considered, nor is it so considered, as a satire upon the Scotch, but upon all those, whether Scots or English, who cringe themselves into power and place. And this is a race not extinct in either country.

† The lines which are marked in italics we mean to exclude from the benefit of our general commendation, for reasons which, we trust, will be manifest to the writer.

Here the address should have ended—the two concluding lines are mere formality and repetition :

‘ Spirit of northern song !—Awake ! descend ;  
Bend from thy misty throne, dark spirit, bend !’

But a single word of admonition will, we trust, be sufficient to warn a writer of such superior powers from the influence of false taste and puerility of expression.

‘ Now faint rose the distant battle song,  
Then it died on the breeze away,  
For of old Dunblane the saintly throng  
Hallow'd the closing day ;  
Heav'n's beaming arch shone clear and blue,  
And the sweet broom glisten'd with crystal dew,  
And the Merle and the Mavis caroll'd free,  
And the Lintwhite pour'd his minstrelsy,  
And a mystic joy thro' the wild groves ran—  
Yet stormy and dark was the breast of man ;  
And the azure sky, tho' it sparkled so,  
Was big with an injur'd nation's woe.

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But nature's gentle voice was drown'd,  
For, hark to the pibroch's battle sound !  
Hark to the war-steed's clattering heel !  
Hark to the warrior's clang'ring steel !  
In the wanton breeze the standard plays,  
And the mail gleams bright in the sun's last rays,  
And fiercely glances many an eye,  
That shall ne'er see to-morrow's evening sky,  
And the heart beats warm in many a breast,  
Beats warm on the vigil of its rest !  
For of peaceful years a false array  
Oft flatters the hero's closing day ;  
And many a smile plays to deceive,  
Like that which gilded St. Mary's eve !’\*

\* \* \* \* \*

The oppressions under which Scotland at this time groaned being rapidly described, the poet then proceeds to the mention of her hero.

‘ And was there none,—no Scottish arm,  
In whose veins the native blood ran warm ?

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\* The 21st of July, 1298. On the succeeding day was fought the memorable battle of Falkirk.

And was there no heart in the trampled land  
 That spurn'd the usurper's proud command?  
 Could the wrong'd realm no arms supply,  
 But the slavish tear, or the abject sigh?

\* \* \* \*

From Solway's oft-disputed deep  
 To Siroma's wild and stormy isle,  
 From old Braidalbin's snow-crown'd steep,  
 Even to the pleasant braes of Kyle,  
 Was the cry of the country heard!  
 From each mountain brow, or broomy heath,  
 It rous'd her sons from their sleep of death;  
 Then Wallace like a storm-cloud rose,  
 And roll'd back ruin on her foes,  
 And the soul of the spoiler fear'd!

We are next presented with a catalogue of the chiefs assembled under the banners of Wallace on the eve of the battle,—a catalogue not of barren names of places and persons, nor ornamented by petty details of hauberk and habergeons, vaunt-braces and gambesons, morions and basinets,—but a true *catalogue raisonnée*, full of character, of good description, and just discrimination. The second personage in the poem, the constant friend and intrepid associate of its hero, is introduced to us by the following apostrophe:

'Thy country's blessing on thy name,  
 Bold fronted hero!—gallant Graeme!  
 For her, how many of thy race  
 Have looked destruction in the face!  
 And, or prophetic whisperings lit,  
 Thro' distant dim futurity  
 Thy name shall long the symbol prove  
 Of loyal faith and patriot love;  
 Now heaven be with thee, gallant Graeme!  
 Thy country's blessing gilds thy name!'

The allusion in these lines is very evident, to the noble Montrose, the lineal descendant of the hero here apostrophized, Sir John Graeme, or Graham, of Dundaff. But this is greatly exceeded, as it ought to be, by the delineation of Wallace himself, which is as finely conceived as any thing we remember in poetry.

'Oh Wallace! thy bold unruled brow  
 Speaks the calm of a noble mind;  
 Thou hast drank of the wave at the ebb and flow  
 Thou stand'st like an oak, while tempests blow,  
 Unbent by the wavering wind!'

'Mid the bursting flame, of the midnight flood,  
 'Mid horror's wildest scene,  
 When the brooks of thy country are swollen with blood,  
 Unshaken, thy soul still holds her mood,  
 And thy brow is still serene !  
 In the heat of destruction's fatal day,  
 Thy cheek it wax'd not pale,  
 Though the soul of a friend still flitted away  
 On every passing gale ;  
 Nor on their heads, how dear soe'er,  
 Dropped from thine eye one funeral tear,  
 Nor heaved thy heart one farewell sigh,  
 As the soldier met his destiny ;  
 Nor private grief nor joy he knows,  
 Whose bosom is fill'd with his country's woes.

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Such Wallace was,—and many a year,  
 Ere he had spirit, form, or limb ;  
 They say, that voice of gifted seer  
 'Mid tales of wonder, death, and fear,  
 Had prophesied of him—  
 Old Learmont, who by Leader's stream,  
 Beneath the wan moon's sickly gleam,  
 Dared to lift his mortal eye  
 To the glistening forms which glided by,  
 The unborn people of futurity !

The two most powerful barons on the patriotic side are the red Comyn, a character well known in history, and Sir John Stewart, of Bonkill, son of Alexander, high steward of Scotland. These proud and valiant noblemen are represented as long harbouring a secret jealousy of the influence obtained by Wallace; the first from a spirit of envy and malevolence, which finally conspires to make him betray his country's cause to the enemy; the second, from a more pardonable principle of high ancestral pride, which ill brooks to see the command of the whole nation bestowed on one of comparatively ignoble birth and small possessions. These discontents now burst into a blaze; and Stewart begins the ungenerous attack by applying to Wallace a well-known fable:

'The winking owl, from his murky hole,  
 Envied the plumes of each nobler fowl,  
 And pluck'd from ilk bonnie birdie's breast  
 A feather to prank his russet crest ;  
 Then struts from his nook in the low-roof'd byre,  
 And forgets who lent him his gay attire ;

Wallace ! ye sprang from as rude a nest,  
And may take the tale as it likes ye best.'

The fastidious critic may inquire why Stewart alone, of all the Scottish heroes, and in this single speech, is made to talk in the Scottish dialect ; and perhaps it is not a strictly sufficient answer that the speech is historical, being copied, with little variation, from the old rhymer, blind Harry, who relates the incident in his metrical life of Wallace.

We cannot now pursue the altercation which follows so far as we could wish to do, for the purpose of quoting from the temperate and firm reply of the insulted hero, and shall therefore only notice that it is broken off by the arrival of a breathless messenger, to whom somebody puts the following *very unpoetical question*.

' Now hail—now hail, Sir Adam Currie !  
What tidings do ye bring ?  
Your courser's plight bespeaks your hurry ;  
Where is yon robber king ?'

Sir Adam, as soon as he can speak, gives an account of his having seen the whole English force fixing their camp in the neighbouring vale of Linlithgow. The opposite impressions made by this relation on the minds of Stewart and Comyn display at one glance the widely different characters of Wallace's two opponents, and prepare the reader for the catastrophe which is to ensue through the treachery of the latter.

' Brave Stewart starts from his gloomy mood—  
" Thank heaven ! at length the hour appears,  
When copious streams of English blood  
Shall wash out the stain of Scotland's tears !  
Wallace, it seems 'tis now o'er late  
To sum up our debts of love or hate ;  
Let them yield to the awful voice of fate,  
And sleep in each haughty breast ;  
But oh ! in to-morrow's hottest strife,  
Let heaven but spare me strength and life,  
Thou shalt not fight the best !

\* \* \* \* \*

" Oh Comyn ! all this world of toys,  
With all its grandeur, all its joys,  
Its pride, its ancestry, its might,  
All sink like bubbles from my sight !  
Devour them, time ! yet let me save  
From the wide wreck a glorious grave !

Nay e'en resentment's pungent smart,  
That clings so closely to the heart,  
The pomp of place, of wealth, of blood,  
Sink all before old Scotland's good !  
My country, take the sacrifice,  
And may thy rescue be the price !

‘ Wan is the cold and watery ray  
Which sheds a pale and joyless day  
Thro’ November’s cloudy sky ;  
Yet fainter, ghastlier was the smile,  
Than wintry gleams on Westra’s isle,  
Of Comyn’s hollow eye !  
I have mark’d the gloomy brow of scorn,  
I have traced the sneer of guile,  
But the darkest frown by malice worn  
Was mock’d by Comyn’s smile !’

The different chiefs now prepare for the battle, which it is resolved to offer early on the following morning ; and Wallace is left in private conference with his friend Græme.

Canto the second.—The companion of Wallace, in order to explain the cause of his unusual sadness, recounts to his friend a dream or vision of the preceding night, in which the ghost of his brother, Sir Patrick, (who had fallen not long before at the battle of Dunbar) appeared to stand before him, and to give warning of his approaching fate.

‘ But ere be melted from my view,  
His hands a sable curtain drew :  
Oh Wallace ! what a scene was there !  
Memory e’en now recoils with fear ;  
Half drown’d in seas of Scottish blood,  
And struggling mid the horrid flood,  
Our mangled thousands lay :  
These very men, who warm in life  
Pant to begin the deadly strife,  
Fond haste ! to-morrow’s evening ray  
Shall see their glory pass’d away !  
Stewart, of name and lineage proud,  
Lay mingled with the bleeding crowd ;  
In the midst, a spectre, sad and wan,  
Lean’d on a broken spear ;  
Quick from his breast the life-blood ran,  
I gazed upon the dying man,  
Amazement banish’d fear,  
For in act, in garb, in face the same,  
Gasping his latest breath, I saw thy comrade Græme !’

Wallace endeavours to smile away the dismal forebodings of his friend, and,

‘—thou’ little of warlock aid he reck’d,’

tears a branch of the mountain ash (*rowan*) growing by their side, and decks his bonnet with it, as a charm against the threatened calamity. He then addresses to him these words of heroic friendship, consolation, and encouragement :

‘ Oh Græme, my brother and my friend,  
 The dawn is creeping on,  
 And thou and I may meet our end  
 Ere this day’s work is done ;  
 Or by the cozie ingle side  
 Thro’ tame old age may safely glide ;  
 But this we know—no coward slave  
 Shall ever sleep in either’s grave ;  
 Yet, lest life’s wintry eve be ours,  
 Let’s cut out talk for tedious hours,  
 While still our proudest theme shall be  
 The tale of this day’s victory !’\*

Some further conversation passes relative to that present prospect, and to the plan of the approaching battle. They then are about to separate, each to the respective task allotted him, when a bird of ill omen seizes the rowan in the helmet of Græme, and flies with it away. Then we are told that

‘ E’en Wallaee felt his cheek turn pale,  
 And his heart for doubt began to fail ;  
 Græme cheerly smiled on his faltering friend,  
 “ Tis well! Fate warns me of my end !  
 Another hour of toil and sorrow,  
 Sleep, tranquil sleep, is mine to-morrow.’

Another, and a severer, trial is prepared for the courage of Wallace; and here it is possible that the poet may by some be thought to have laid himself open to censure. For ourselves, we are of opinion that, though her attempt was bold, the result has been equally successful. The recurrence to supernatural agency, where there is no necessity for its interference, has been condemned by the highest critical authority; but our opinion is, that it is then only to be censured when it violates the character of the times, or is so introduced as to shock the feelings of the reader. The characteristic of the

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\* This sentiment, though expressed with great beauty and spirit, is too manifestly suggested by the speech of Henry the Fifth before the battle of Agincourt.

age of Wallace was superstition, and the firm belief in occurrences out of the usual order of natural events. Many stories of apparitions, and witchcraft, and second sight, were then circulated not only to the conviction of the auditors, but with the honest belief of their relators, and often according to the firm persuasion of eye and ear witnesses of the events recorded. If then it is not improbable that Wallace himself might be deceived into the belief of an unreal spectral appearance, we hold that there is no objection to the poet's introducing it according to the effect it is supposed to have occasioned upon his mind, provided it is not so distinctly made out, or so abruptly brought forward, as to offend the imagination of the reader. In the instance before us, all those precautions are taken which we conceive to be necessary. The mind of the reader is so far fashioned for the admission of wonders, by the vision of *Graeme* and its accompanying omens, as not to be capable of sustaining a very severe shock from the narration of events yet more extraordinary; and the mysterious personage by whom Wallace is visited, and who renews his ominous call in a subsequent part of the poem, has so much of uncertainty left about him, as to leave it possible that it may be some illusion of the senses, and not reality, by which the soul of the hero is so shaken on the eve of his approaching destiny.

A grave historian, Hollinshed, relates the following strange occurrence.

'On the solemnization of the second marriage of Alexander III. with Iolets, daughter of the Count de Dreux, as the bridegroom led the bride in the dance, followed in the same by many lords and ladies, there appeared at the last a creature resembling death, all naked of flesh and lire, with bare bones, right dreadful to behold, through which spectacle the king and residue of the company were so astonished that they quickly made an end of their dance.'

On this *historical* basis the description in the poem is founded. The person that appears to Wallace is (or, if the reader prefers a natural solution of the mystery, supposes himself, in a fit of insanity, to be) the same with the frightful 'creature' that so shocked king Alexander at his nuptial festivities; a wretched being who, for some abhorred crime committed in his days of flesh, is doomed to wander over the earth for a stated period, with the curse of 'second sight' upon his devoted head. The following lines descriptive of that tremendous gift are surely well deserving to be placed by the side of those which we have often before admired in Walter-Scot's *Glenfinlas*, and the *Lochiel of Campbell*—

‘ Soon there fell,  
(But when or how I cannot tell)  
A fatal influence o'er my soul,  
Which holds it still in dread controul.  
\* \* \* \*

“ As I sate on my rock, ‘mid the weltering main,  
Strange visions came to my ‘wilder’d brain;  
Wild forms and ghastly shapes arose,  
And told dark tales of human woes;  
Sometimes they spread before my sight  
The tumult of the distant fight;  
No secret murderer whet his knife,  
Nor struggling victim sued for life;  
But mine ear was fill’d with the wailing cry,  
And the gushing life-stream met mine eye:  
Avenging fate forgot not me,  
But sent a demon brood,  
Of crimes and evils yet to be,  
To break my solitude!”

After much more of the same wild and mysterious import, he greets the hero with this *comfortable* warning.

‘ Wallace! I have search’d the page of fate,  
I have number’d the hours of thy being’s date!  
But see where yon vulture wheels around,  
He calls his mate to the battle-ground;  
There shall a costly feast be spread,  
A feast of woe shall Scotland see,  
For yon bird shall gorge on the life-stream red,  
Of the flower of our country’s chivalry!’

Like the guardian of old Troy, the Scottish hero despises every omen.

“ The book of fate I cannot read,  
But well I guess ‘tis there decreed,  
Whenever my years shall find an end,  
Scotland shall mourn a vanish’d friend,  
My bones shall sleep in an honour’d grave,  
And my name shall live with the good and brave.”

‘ The old man smil’d:—“ Thy bones shall have  
A wandering and unquiet grave;  
No stone shall mark thy place of rest,  
No sod shall cover thy mouldering breast;  
In dust thy corse shall never lie,  
Thine is a soaring destiny!  
Like thy aspiring soul, thy dauntless form  
Shall float amid the skies, and sail amid the storm.”

Wallace now stays the ‘prophet of ill,’ to inquire respecting the fate of his friend; and the skeleton-seer replies,

“To-morrow night, o'er proud Dundaff,  
A funeral cloud shall sail,  
And death's black flag on the banner-staff  
Shall wave to the sullen gale.  
Yes, art thou pale, because the gust  
Shall scatter a little human dust?  
Short-sighted man! the dreaded blow  
Which lays thy gallant comrade low,  
Is mercy's gift.—How would his eye  
Endure the ghastly train to see,  
Of scorns and wrongs, which destiny  
Has heap'd to pour on thee?”

With such encouraging promises as these, Wallace prepares himself for the bloody business of the day.

Canto the third transports us into the midst of the English camp at Linlithgow, and introduces us to the several chiefs of Edward's army, as they are reposing in their tents on the night preceding the engagement. Another catalogue following so soon after the first, struck us as somewhat hazardous; but the variety and spirit of the accompanying description soon reconciled us to its introduction. It required, however, something more than common poetical discretion to perform well the delicate task here imposed upon the author. The reader, already animated by the spirit of liberty and independence, and taught in the preceding books to breathe nothing but abhorrence for the oppressors of Scotland, enters their camp with all the sentiments of a Scottish patriot. Nothing then would have been more easy than to have painted the ‘ruthless king’ and all his attendant champions in the genuine colours of hell, or when ascribed to their operations (as Mr. Northmore has done to those of a late English administration) the motives and assistance of infernal agency. But this method, it was well considered by the poet, would answer no good purpose whatever. To paint one of the greatest of our English sovereigns in the black garb of his satanic majesty, and to represent ‘the flower of English chivalry’ at his heels as little better than Legion coming out of the mouth of the demoniac, would have been neither patriotic, nor historically nor morally just. Still less would it have in any degree aided the poetical interest of the piece; for how could those alternations of fear and hope, of enthusiasm and despair, have been excited, if devils, and not men, were the opponents of our hero?

On the other hand, we have Mr. Cottle, who, composing what he calls a poem, on a very similar subject, destroys the interest of his story by dividing it, and anxious to escape the imputation of dislike to the cause of his country, confounds all our notions of justice, honour, and morality, by representing the oppressor as adorned with every virtue.

Between two channels so widely different how shall our poet steer her course? By the adoption of a very simple and a very natural expedient, an expedient apparently the most easy, but of which, nevertheless, true genius only will ever be found to have availed itself—by resorting to the principles of human nature, which teach her that man, adorned with great and splendid qualities, cannot be a monster of incredible vice; and to the records of history, which inform her that Edward himself was far from being this impossible monster. At the same time common sense and common virtue were enough to convince her that the author of unnumbered wrongs and miseries to a brave and unoffending nation must be yet farther from the angelic than from the diabolic nature.

Accordingly, this lady's Edward is a soldier, a man with all the passions and feelings of the military character. He is a prince, with all the pride and loftiness of spirit natural to one who from infancy has been taught to own no superior under heaven. In him generosity and justice are not extinct, nor the voice of human kindness forgotten; but the first are become subject to the imperious mandates of ambition, and the last is almost stifled by the long habitude of war and slaughter.

Nor does admiration of some great and splendid qualities in an enemy abate the enthusiasm with which the just and good still cling to that noble cause, which first claimed their conviction and support. And in this respect, a work of imagination will lose nothing by its close resemblance to real life. No reader will feel his attachment to Wallace, or his interest in the cause of freedom, diminished by finding in Edward, the patient and undaunted soldier, the munificent patron, the generous friend, and the splendid conqueror. But he will allow some excuse for the enthusiasm of his followers and fellow-soldiers, though enlisted in a cause which he detests, in the character of their leader.

—On the heath a monarch lay,  
Lay lowly, mid his proud array;  
The king was sick, infirm, and old,  
Yet, to guard the anointed head  
From baleful dews or night blasts cold,  
No tent its curtain spread,

For the regal soldier loved to share  
The rugged heather-bed, and dark unwholesome air.'

' He shrank not as the chill night wind  
Came bleak from the northern sea ;  
'Twas a thought of pride to his warlike mind  
That of all his train the meanest kind  
As softly lodged as he ;  
And he smiled as the rude and reckless blast  
Through his grey hairs uncourtly past.'

This animated description of a soldier-king is ably contrasted, some stanzas further down, by the picture of the luxurious bishop-militant of Durham ; but we should lengthen our quotations too much by inserting it. The same reason prevents us from extending the extract we have just made, to include the lines which immediately follow on the youth of England, who are represented as sighing for the luxuries and pleasures they had left behind them; but who, though now unused to the hardships of war,

' Yet let them meet the raging foe,  
Anon their English hearts shall glow !  
Let them but feel the kindling flame,  
Once roused, they ne'er forsake the game ;  
And many a silken textured wight,  
Who timorous seeks the untried fight,  
Quits the first field in conscious pride,  
His maiden sword in crimson dyed !  
The bruising mail, the smarting scar,  
The ungente livery of war,  
Soon wean the English youth from toys,  
To glory's sports of death, and honour's perilous joys.'

This animated description is, fortunately, at least as true to nature in the reign of George the Third as it could have been in that of the long-legged Edward ; and the plains of Talavera and the heights of Corunna afford the best and only answer to those who, with too splenetic a foresight, anticipate the future disgrace of our arms from contemplating those effeminate warriors who strut about, the ornament of St. James's, and the admiration of Bond Street.

The love of virtue and independence again animates the poet, while describing the powers that are leagued together for their overthrow, and inclines her to question the heavens themselves for yielding their benign influence to purposes so hateful and unjust.

‘ Why, thou fair orb, dost thou smile so bright  
 As thou rollest on thy way ?  
 Canst thou not hide thy silvery light,  
 That the heavens, all dark with the clouds of night,  
 Might frown on yon fierce array ?  
 But why dost thou hide thy shining brow,  
 Thou who walk’st thro’ the midnight sky ?  
 Tho’ the demon who gives the word for woe,  
 Bids the tear descend, and the life-blood flow,  
 Thy place shall be still on high !  
 Thou lookest on man—thou seest him bless’d  
 In the light of his little day—  
 Thou lookest anon—he is gone to rest !  
 The cold worm creeps in his lordly breast,  
 He sleeps in the grave’s decay !  
 Thou sawest his rise—thou shalt see his fall—  
 Thou shalt stay till the tomb has cover’d all,  
 Till death has crush’d them, one by one,  
 Each frail, yet proud ephemeron !  
 To-morrow thy cold and tranquil eye  
 Shall gaze again from the midnight sky ;  
 With unquench’d light, with ray serene,  
 Thou shalt glance on the field where death has been ;  
 Thou shall gild his features, pale and wan,  
 Thou shalt gaze on the form of murder’d man,  
 On his broken armour scatter’d round,  
 On the sever’d limb, and the yawning wound—  
 But thou, amidst the wrecks of time,  
 Unfrowning passest on, and keep’st thy path sublime.’

We shall not dwell on the several incidents of this canto, which, however admissible as episodes, are not strictly conducive to the catastrophe of the poem. The circumstance of the kick which Edward is said to have received from his horse, and which broke two of his ribs on this eventful night, although historical, is not very poetical ; and the cry of treason and assassination, with the confusion that follows, though perhaps likely enough to have occurred, adds nothing to the interest of the story, but on the contrary distracts the reader’s attention in rather a disagreeable manner. We pass on to canto the fourth—

‘ Yes, it is come ! that pause of dread,  
 Whose silent interval precedes  
 Men’s flattering footsteps, as they tread  
 Towards sanguinary deeds !  
 There is an hour, whose pressure cold  
 Comes even to the hero’s breast !  
 Each warrior’s heart of human mould  
 Howe’er intrepid, fierce, and bold,  
 Has still that hour confess.’

It is not when the battle-storm  
Hurtles along the affrighted skies,  
It is not when death's hideous form,  
His threatening voice, and piercing cries,  
Shriek in our ears and scare our eyes ;  
It is not when the slogan shout  
Has sent the death-word 'mid the rout,  
Nor 'mid the hail of the arrowy shower,  
Nor when we see the life-blood pour ;  
It comes not then—that ghastly hour !  
"Tis in the breathless pause before,  
While yet unwash'd with human gore,  
Our thoughts 'mid dreams of terror roam,  
And sadly muse on things to come !  
Then shuddering nature half recoils,  
And half forbids the inhuman toils !  
But 'tis too late—the die is cast—  
The furies bid to the repast !  
Oh ! from the cradle to the tomb,  
Comes there no hour so fraught with gloom,  
As that ere nations meet, to seal each other's doom.

The description of the momentous conflict ensues, and occupies the whole of the canto. To speak of it in general terms, we shall only say that if in minuteness and accuracy of detail it does not display all that knowledge which the study of old chronicles and romances can furnish, it is nevertheless full of fire and animation, and diversified with sufficient incident both of the heroic and the tender nature. The desertion of Comyn and his adherents in the hour of need is well known to the reader of history as the principal, if not the sole cause of the conquest which on that fatal day was obtained by unprincipled ambition over honour, patriotism, and the love of liberty. Most of the Scottish chieftains, except those who treacherously fled, were slaughtered in the field; and the picture of Wallace, the unwilling survivor of all his friends and companions, is not to be equalled *in interest* by any poetical description that we remember, except the circumstances preceding the death of Hector, and the almost parallel situation of Orlando in the *Morgante Maggiore*.

' Wallace look'd up, the glorious sun  
Already half his course had run ;  
The fuming wound, the smarting scar,  
He felt not, reck'd not, but his soul,  
Wept as he mark'd day's travelling star,  
Declining towards the western goal !

That orb had risen on many an eye,  
 That blazed responsive light :  
 The orb still rides in the golden sky,  
 But the eye is sunk in night !  
 Many a rough hour has Wallace past,  
 He has breasted the flood, he has braved the blast,  
 And his firm soul has held her mood,  
 While his feet were wash'd in kindred blood !  
 But now they are vanish'd, one by one ;  
 He calls on his friends, his friends are gone,  
 And in the field of death Wallace seems left alone.'

The death of the brave, but ambitious, Stewart is marked by circumstances of peculiar interest, and the picture of his widow sitting alone in ' Bonkill Tower,' and looking out in vain for the return of her lord, though not new in conception, is so finely wrought as to strike the imagination with fresh force and beauty. The fate of his best loved companion at length subdues the proud spirit of the hero, and plunges him in all the bitterness of incurable distress. The following extract shall be our longest and our last.

' Where is the forest, beneath whose shade  
 The hunter rode and the shepherd stray'd ?  
 Where the broad oaks, which high and wide  
 Spread towards the heavens their arms of pride.  
 A curtain to the lover's dream,  
 A shelter from the noon-day beam ?  
 I saw it shake its verdant boughs,  
 When the morning song of the birds arose ;  
 The glittering leaves, with early dew,  
 Sprinkled the earth as the zephyr blew ;  
 But the axe of the woodman rang aloud,  
 The lofty heads of the forest bow'd—  
 The forest is fallen, and side by side,  
 Stretch'd in the dust lie its arms of pride.  
 The pilgrim, when the rain falls fast,  
 And he feels the chill of the driving blast,  
 Trembling shall ask, and ask in vain,  
 " Where did the forest stand, the glory of the plain?"

Wallace ! and is it even thou !  
 Is the glow of thy lofty spirit cold ?  
 And dost thou droop thy manly brow,  
 And fix thy keen eye on the silent mould ?  
 And why those eager glances bend  
 On him who once was Wallace' friend ?  
 Oh ! mourn him not ! for he was dead  
 Ere the latest hope of his country fled,

Ere the vital stream of her veins was spent,  
Ere her heart was crush'd and her banner rent,  
Ere she lower'd to the dust her lofty crest,  
And the conqueror trod on her humbled breast,  
Græme's guardian angel, from on high,  
Beheld the clouds in Scotland's sky,  
And spared the hero's lip th' untasted misery.

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' There was a light in Wallace' eye,  
Wan as the lightning's vivid glare,  
'Twas not the flame, whose ardours high  
Kindle the patriot to the war ;  
'Twas the pale first-light of despair.  
Wallace wept not, his burning brow  
Was all too proud and stern to know  
The soft relief of nature's flow.  
No, Wallace wept not—cold and grim,  
He fix'd a frozen glance on him,  
Who every change of fortune tried,  
Had stood, thro' storm and fair, unsever'd from his side.'

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' And could he weep, whose eye beheld  
His last friend slain, his country quell'd ?  
Ill can the gentler bosom guess  
The hero's silent bitterness ;  
That mute, intense, concentrated woe,  
Only the mighty soul can know.  
Awhile ambition's sun may gleam,  
Gayly to gild his noon-day dream ;  
Night, wrapp'd in clouds, draws on at last,  
And howling demons ride the blast ;  
Wide through the troubled sky they sweep,  
And plunge the writhing spirit deep,  
In pangs too dire to groan, and woes too fierce to weep.'

Canto the fifth, and last, follows the hero of the poem to the closing scene of his existence; recounting his escape from the English blood-hounds after the fatal fight of Falkirk, his reception in the castle of his friend Menteith, and the base treason by which he is finally delivered up to the rage of his enemies. Over his ignominious execution, that most foul and irradicable blot upon the character of our English conqueror, a veil is drawn sufficiently mysterious to leave the particulars of the unmanly indignities which he sustained to the imagination of the reader, while enough is ' darkly shadowed forth' to satisfy historic truth, and render the catastrophe perfect.

There is another character in the poem, connected with the fate of the hero by a chain of circumstances, of which we have purposely avoided to make mention, because the poet evidently intends an impression of surprise on the mind of her reader by a certain unexpected discovery at the conclusion. We had, perhaps, another inducement to restrain us from anticipating this unforeseen denouement. We were unwilling to interrupt a continued action, at once great and affecting in the extreme, by a relation neither important to the catastrophe, nor sufficiently so in itself to become a leading principle in the interest which the main subject of the poem excites. We know not, indeed, why we should in this instance hesitate to speak out at once more boldly, and say, albeit at the hazard of displeasing the more tender part of our readers, that we wish the circumstances to which we allude had been omitted, or at least that no discovery had been made. In truth, the event is improbable, without the merit of novelty or originality. Many are the ancient romances, and many the modern novels, in which the resemblance, at least, may be very evidently traced; and, wherever it occurs, the constant objection to it is, that we cannot believe it to be true.

But besides this, the poem is perfect without it. Nothing can add to, nothing can take from, the interest we feel in the fate of Scotland and of her hero; and as, in the breast of Wallace, all private considerations were swallowed up in the great public object of his existence, so must it be with the part which the reader takes in his career and fall. There is no room for any lesser concern, for any other individual feeling.

On reading over the extracts we have made, we feel quite satisfied that the voice of our readers will confirm our decision in favour of the poetical genius which must have dictated the work. Slight blemishes we have forbore to notice. Wherever they occur, they are generally to be traced to that carelessness and rapidity of composition to which the form of 'metrical romance' affords but too great indulgence. The trammels of regular verse demand so much time and attention as effectually to prohibit, in writers of any judgment whatever, the occurrence of a manifest incorrectness or gross violation of either sense or grammar. The facility of this 'pes incompositus,' deprives the writer of this solid advantage, in return for which it affords him a very questionable benefit in the reduction of labour. But these observations, which apply in some degree to all the works which we have read in professed imitation of the *ballad-metre*, are less fre-

quently to be drawn from the poem now before us than from any of its precursors, while, in our opinion, its beauties are more mental, its sentiments more exalted, its moral effect infinitely more sublime and attractive.

It is impossible that the name of its author can long remain concealed from the inquiries of the public; and we hope it is also impossible that the harp, once struck, can long remain silent.

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**ART. III.—*A Course of Lectures, containing a Description and systematic Arrangement of the several Branches of Divinity: accompanied with an Account both of the principal Authors, and of the Progress which has been made at different Periods in Theological Learning.* By Herbert Marsh, D.D. F.R.S. Margaret Professor of Divinity. Part I. London, Rivingtons, 1809. pp. 116.**

FROM the title of this work we had expected to find that Dr. Marsh had begun a course of lectures which were intended to embrace the whole compass of theological inquiry. His title-page led us to form this opinion; for it announces ‘a course of lectures, containing a description and systematic arrangement of the several branches of divinity;’ though it appears to omit one, which is the parent stem of all the rest. No part is allotted to the discussion of the moral attributes of the Deity. These constitute the great trunk, from which the several branches of divinity shoot. Till we have exhibited satisfactory proofs of the benevolence and moral government of God, it is in vain to talk of describing and systematising the several branches of divinity. Can we be properly said to describe a system while we omit the most essential part? If we describe the bones and muscles of the human being, and yet say nothing about the vital principle, or the mental faculty, do we exhibit an accurate representation of what Dr. Marsh might call ‘the several branches’ of the human being? The Scripture says, ‘God so LOVED THE WORLD, that he gave his only begotten Son,’ &c. The promulgation of the christian doctrine is referred to the LOVE OF GOD, as the originating cause. Just and comprehensive views of the divine benevolence are necessary to prepare the way for right notions on the origin and design of the christian doctrine.

We are of opinion that, if Dr. Marsh had designed his work to embrace the whole circle of theological learning, as his title seems to indicate, he ought to have prefixed some

lectures on the attributes; and, instead of first exhibiting a critical sketch of a particular revelation, to have shewn, from a deep and extensive research into the perfections of the Deity, and the particular nature and agency of his moral government, the necessity which existed for such a revelation as the Bible professes to contain, and the consequent previous probability of its truth. The *à priori* proof, though founded only on a mass of reasonable probabilities, seems as susceptible of being brought within that degree of certainty, which is calculated to work on a thinking mind, as any other, and is especially requisite to combat the arguments of the sceptical, which are often drawn from the subtleties of metaphysics, and founded on the previous improbability of the thing. That faith, which is not built on a conviction of the previous necessity of a revelation drawn from reflective observation on the moral government of the Deity, will be found very weak when opposed by some sagacious disputant who has revolved the subject often in his mind, but has been led to view it in a manner unfavourable to the pretensions of christianity.

We suppose that Dr. Marsh intends these lectures for the instruction and the use of the undergraduates of the university. This makes us more anxious that he had laid a broad basis of argument on the principles of natural religion, before he endeavoured to elevate a superstructure of the history and criticism of revealed. If he had first established, by a satisfactory chain of argument, the moral government of the Deity, the most useful impressions would have been made on the minds of his juvenile auditors. They would go ~~out~~ into the world, impressed with truths, which, whatever opinions they might afterwards adopt with respect to the greater or less probability of a miraculous interposition, would be sure to preserve them from that kind of scepticism, which, if it do not operate as an incitement to immorality, at least abounds with no dissuasives from the commission. But those who, having taken a clear and comprehensive view of the moral government of the Deity, are convinced that there must be a future life to make up for that irregularity in the distribution of good and evil which is so evident in this, will have a sure stay in the hour of temptation and adversity, whatever notions they may entertain respecting any supernatural manifestations of the divine will. It is now time to return to the lectures, and to regard, not what Dr. Marsh might have done, or ought to have done, but what he has actually performed.

Dr. Marsh sets out with stating in his preface that these lectures were 'not designed for publication, at least not for

present publication,' but that he has abandoned his original plan in compliance with the *solicitations of his friends*. The *solicitations of friends* have, if we may believe the assertions of authors, been the means of stocking the world with numerous publications. We suppose that these friends of Dr. Marsh were persons who heard him deliver the lectures; but, if they had either previously heard or read the lectures, we are surprised what they could find in them which could induce them so importunately to solicit the immediate publication. We do not think that the lectures would have received any detriment, nor the progress of theological learning have experienced any retardation, if they had been quietly deposited in the *escriotoir* of Dr. Marsh, till he had completed the whole course, or if he had suffered them to wait for a last revisal till the evening of life. We have ourselves read these lectures over with some attention, and we have not been able to discover any thing at all novel in the matter, nor more than ordinarily luminous in the arrangement. All that Dr. Marsh has said has been often said before; and much of it has been better said before.

We cannot but believe that Dr. Marsh had some *good reasons for his original design* of not publishing any part of the lectures till the whole were delivered; but, if he had, then why did he suffer them to be altered by the *solicitations of his friends*? When those *solicitations* are really made, we know that they are seldom any thing more than an hypocritical compliment. The friends of the Margaret professor probably felt that such a request would be agreeable to him; or else the professor himself was anxious to efface a stain which had been cast upon his orthodoxy by his *Essay on the Origin of the three first Gospels*.

We suppose that Dr. Marsh's new and blooming honours of Margaret professor, with which he has been adorned since he wrote that *wicked essay*, have enabled him to see the subject in a very different light, and to discern the verity of the Trinity and the atonement, which, it is said, once appeared to him as little consonant with reason or with Scripture as to ourselves. A country curate is reported to have told archbishop Secker, who brought some accusation against his orthodoxy, that his grace might well believe more than he did, as the curate believed only at the rate of fifty pounds a year, and the archbishop at that of twenty thousand. A man must be very incredulous indeed who cannot believe in any inconsistencies which he is liberally salaried to believe. When Dr. Marsh published his heretical hypothesis concerning the origin of the three first gospels, he was not Mar-

garet professor; but the addition of 1500l. a year to his income seems to have made a proportionate accession to his faith. He then saw through a glass darkly; but he has now not only visible but tangible proof that inscrutable mysteries are very *valuable* things, and very compatible with the genius of christianity.

As the good things of this life have such a salutary influence on the faith of Dr. Marsh, and as his power of believing seems to increase in a direct ratio with his emoluments, we should humbly recommend it to Mr. Perceval, by way of experiment on the quantum of faith which might be produced in one individual, to give the doctor first a prebendal stall, then a deanery, then a bishopric; and if there should unfortunately be a vacancy, not to let him pine in vain for an archbishopric. If the doctor's faith should increase in each stage of this progress in the same proportion which it seems to have observed when he vaulted into the professorial chair, we have little doubt but that, before he arrives at the ultimate period of his ascension, there will be no crudities in any creed in Christendom which he will not be able to digest.

The learned *professor* in his preface states his original design to have been not to publish any part of these lectures till he had finished the whole course; he then says that the solicitations of his friends made him relinquish that plan, and he next endeavours to assign some specious arguments for the dereliction. After this we were not a little surprised at p. 4 of the lectures themselves, to find the professor himself refuting those arguments, and assigning the most incontrovertible reason why he should have adhered to his primary scheme, and not have published one, part of the lectures before the other, even in compliance with the urgent *solicitations of his friends*. For the doctor says of these lectures, '*such is their connexion, that without some knowledge of the whole, it is hardly possible to form a due estimate of any part.*' Could the professor have more strongly passed a sentence of condemnation on his own versatility?

If, according to the explicit avowal of the *professor*, one part of his lectures cannot be correctly appreiated without the rest, why did he publish one part without the other? For where can be the use of publishing that which, as the author himself intimates, cannot be rightly understood in an insulated state? It appears to us, that whether the professor thought that these lectures could, or could not, in their present form be rightly understood, they would, at least, prove to those, who might consider his former heresy as an obstacle to his ecclesiastical advancement, that he was not unwilling to be-

lieve as much as might be required in any situation. At the same time it is probable that the professor imagined, that while the publication of the lectures would operate in his favour one way, the above avowal would have a very salutary effect another, by retarding, at least, the assault of criticism on the present publication.

In p. 8, the professor says,

\* It may be asked, *what is the end of the journey to which these lectures are intended to lead?* Is it the object of elements, thus general and comprehensive, to generalize christianity itself, to represent it in the form of a general theorem, from which individual creeds are to be deduced as so many corollaries? Or is it their object to maintain one particular creed to the exclusion of all others? The latter may appear to be less liberal than the former, but it is only so in appearance; while the advantages ascribed to the former are as imaginary as those possessed by the latter are substantial. It is difficult to conceive any thing more painful or more injurious to the student in divinity, than to be left in a state of uncertainty, what he is at last to believe or disbelieve. Where no particular system of faith is inculcated, where a variety of objects is represented without discrimination, the minds of the hearers must become so unsettled, they must become so bewildered in regard to the choice of their creed, as to be in danger of choosing none at all. *The attempt to generalize christianity, in order to embrace a variety of creeds, will ultimately lead to the exclusion of all creeds;* it will have a similar effect with Spinoza's doctrine of Pantheism; it will produce the very opposite to that which the name itself imports. And, as pantheism, though nominally the reverse, is in reality but another term for atheism, so christianity, when generalized, is no christianity at all. The very essentials of christianity must be omitted, before we can obtain a form so general, as not to militate against any of the numerous systems, which in various ages have been denominated christian. Some particular system therefore must be adopted, as the object and end of our theological study. What particular system must be the object and end of our theological study cannot be a question in this place: it cannot be a question with men who are studying with the very view of filling conspicuous stations in the church of England. That system then, which was established at the reformation, and is contained in our liturgy, our articles, and our homilies, is that system to which all our labours must be ultimately directed.'

In some of the sentiments which are maintained in the above extract, we are completely at variance with the professor. The learned lecturer intimates that it is impossible to generalize christianity without omitting the essentials of the system, without destroying the life and leaving nothing

but the skin. '*Christianity*', says he, '*when generalized, is no christianity at all.*' We will undertake to disprove this assertion of the professor, and we will afterwards challenge him to rebut our arguments. In the first place, what does the expression '*to generalize christianity*' mean, when rationally explained? Can it mean any thing else than to render it subservient to the moral uses of the great mass of mankind? How is this to be effected but by carefully preserving the doctrine of Jesus free from any impure mixture, and by recommending no articles of belief which he did not inculcate as essential. But what are the articles of belief which Jesus did inculcate as essential? '*This is life eternal (or the condition of obtaining it under the new dispensation), to acknowledge thee to be the only true God, and Jesus, whom thou hast sent, to be the Christ.*' When Jesus was asked '*which is THE great commandment in the law?*' he answered,

*'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'*

At another time we find Jesus delivering this maxim as the summary of his religion, and the perfection of morality. '*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them, for THIS is the law and the prophets.*' We only produce these few passages as specimens of the principles both of faith and of practice which Jesus inculcated as **ESSENTIAL**. By inculcating these tenets, therefore, without incorporating them with any dross of later invention, we generalize christianity. We accommodate it to the moral wants of all men in all climes. Will the professor have the hardihood to assert, that '*christianity thus generalized, is no christianity at all?*' If this be the assertion of the professor, we do not see how he can maintain it but by elevating his own authority, as Margaret lecturer in divinity, above that of Jesus, whom he (as a now-avowed trinitarian) acknowledges to be equal with God, and to be God himself.

As the professor, in opposition to the authority and the example of Jesus, who *often generalized his own doctrine*, has asserted that '*christianity generalized is no christianity at all,*' we do not suppose that he will shew much more respect to the theological labours of Mr. Locke; who has shewn, in an incontrovertible manner, how *christianity may be generalized*. Mr. Locke has reduced the complex creeds of christians to one simple proposition, '**JESUS IS THE MESSIAH.**'

This is one of those propositions which is received without hesitation by christians of every denomination. This is one of the *generalizing principles* which Mr. professor Marsh reprobates; but which Jesus and his disciples preached; and which Mr. Locke, who was free from the most remote suspicion of *interested motives*, who neither defended what he did not believe, nor believed what he did not defend, has proved to be the great leading and *generalizing* doctrine of the gospel. Yet this is one of the doctrines which this '*doctor mirabilis*,' this incomparable Margaret professor, announces to be so generalizing as to lead to the exclusion of all creeds, or, in his own elegant phrase, '*to be no christianity at all*'.

According to the inferences of Mr. professor Marsh, it is not enough to believe in Jesus as the Messiah, in point of faith, nor to do as we would be done by in point of practice; for the professor defines all this to be *generalized christianity*, and consequently in his eyes *no christianity at all*. According to him, instead of that generalizing scheme which was extolled by Jesus and his disciples, and which has been defended by Mr. Locke and the wisest theologues of modern times, we *must adopt some particular system as the object and the end of our theological study*. In plain terms, the professor means that we must leave the broad area of the church of Christ, and crawl into the narrow cell of some of the dogmatical theologues of more recent times. We must depart from the sunny region, where universal charity reigns, to enter those chambers of darkness, where anathemas are fulminated on every side.

The '*particular system*,' which '*is contained in our liturgy, our articles, and our homilies*,' or the system, which is buried in an incongruous mass of ancient popery and of modern protestantism, is to be our exclusive study, to the prejudice of that more simple, but *generalizing* scheme, which is enshrined in the memoirs of the evangelists. All our labours are, according to the injunction of this disinterested *professor*, to be directed to this *particular system*, to the prejudice of a better. Mr. professor Marsh has hitherto been supposed a friend to toleration; his intimate acquaintance with the profoundly learned theologues of Germany encouraged the idea; but we fear that this favourable opinion will be diminished by some of the sentiments which are advanced in the present publication.

The professor comes forward in certain passages in these lectures as the advocate of a partial and exclusive system. And though that system is such as is enforced in the liturgy,

the articles, and the homilies of the established church, yet our veneration for the establishment will not permit us to think with Mr. professor Marsh, that this system is the only true, or that the church of England does not err, and sometimes grossly err, as the church of Alexandria and of Rome have often erred before. But the professor, p. 115, does not scruple roundly to assert (we will not examine from what motives) that the doctrines which 'are taught in the liturgy, the articles, and the homilies,' are '*in all respects* conformable with the Sacred Writings.'

As this assertion of the professor is totally destitute of proof, and as one assertion without proof may be thought at least as good as another, we will venture to assert that several doctrines are maintained in the liturgy, the articles, and the homilies, which, when duly examined, will be found to be totally at variance with the Sacred Writings.

After the professor has extolled the immaculate purity of the English church, which, by the by, is rather a flecked product of the church of Geneva and the church of Rome, he seems seized with a sudden panic, by the picture of the religious differences of opinion which are, happily, as we think, prevalent among us. The professor talks of the religious dissensions of the Greek empire having occasioned its downfall by the Turk; not remembering that that downfall was promoted much more effectually by the profligacy of the court and the depravity of the people, and the consequent general imbecility of the government. But the professor, as if inwardly moved by this horrible imagining, becomes superlatively pious, and utters a solemn '*God grant*' that 'religious dissensions may not ultimately effect the downfall of Britain!'

Though we are not enjoying the emoluments of the church, nor the pensions of the state, we trust that we are not inferior in patriotic feeling to the professor, and that we can pronounce a '*God save the church and king*' with as much sincerity as he; but we confess that we are not, like him, alarmed by the theological feuds which are so prevalent among us. The conflict of religious opinions is dangerous only when one party is not only animated with the will, but armed with the power, to persecute the other. Persecution, by causing resistance, might lead to civil broils. But theological controversies, though the several disputants may call each other harsh and opprobrious names, can never be dangerous as long as they are confined to words, and the state has the wisdom and the dignity to preserve itself perfectly neutral in those questions which agitate the dogmatical pride or the angry passions of different sects. Diversities of re-

ligious opinions are often favourable to political tranquillity, as they abstract the attention from the measures of the government; and contentious religionists, who are disputing about precedence in another world, are certainly less dangerous than ambitious politicians, who are struggling for pre-eminence in this. If there be a certain portion of controversial asperity in every country, we think that it is better on the whole that it should expend much of its breath upon the altar, than that all the inflammable matter should be collected round the throne.

We are besides to consider, and the *former* authority of the professor and the shade of his learned name should not deter us from considering, that diversities of religion, which he reprobates, though they may sometimes generate error, often serve to elicit the pure light of truth. Where religious sects are numerous, religious and moral topics will be copiously discussed; and, though in this discussion passion will be usually found to have more sway than reason, yet the cause of truth will be always, more or less, benefited by the result. The mere exercise of the intellectual faculty on subjects of so much importance as those in which religious controversies commonly terminate, will of itself be found to promote in some degree the mental culture of rational man. We are therefore so far from thinking with the professor that differences of religious opinion are either pernicious in themselves, or perilous to the state, that we esteem them to be more productive of good than of evil; and to establish, rather than to endanger, our political security.

After the professor had gone so far as to assert that the doctrines which are taught in the liturgy, the articles, and the homilies, are '*in all respects conformable with the sacred writings*', we were not unprepared to find some corollary follow which is not very unfavourable to *persecution*. If the doctrines which are contained in the liturgy, the articles, &c. be *in all respects* conformable with the Scriptures, then it follows that the doctrines of other churches, which do not accord with the liturgy, the articles, &c. of the establishment, must be at variance with the Scriptures. For irreconcileable contradictions cannot be conformable with the Scriptures, as far as the Scriptures are made a criterion of truth. Truth is not reconcileable with contradiction; and two contradictory opinions cannot both be true. If the doctrines of the establishment be, in all respects, conformable with the Scriptures, then they are the only true, and all others are false. The church of England, therefore, is advanced by the Margaret professor to the supreme elevation of an **INFALLIBLE CHURCH**. But if any church be deluded by her votaries

into the opinion that she is infallible, we may readily conjecture the practical result of this fallacious supposition.

That church which calls itself infallible will not easily endure contradiction. Any opposition to its doctrines will be considered as an insult to its high authority, and a departure from the truth, which ought to be repressed. If assent be not freely given it will be coerced, *for the good of the offender's soul.*

'*To dissent*', says the professor, '*in this country, from the doctrines of the established church, is to dissent without a real cause.*' We almost shudder to think of the consequences to which this species of papal bull of the Margaret professor would infallibly lead, if the hierarchy of the church of England were not more tolerant than the *once renowned* translator of Michaelis.

If '*to dissent from the church of England*' be '*to dissent without a real cause*', the next inference must be, that such dissent is a proper object of legal restraint. The professor has assumed the very ground on which fiery zealots have so often justified their tortures, imprisonments, and deaths. When Calvin procured Servetus to be burned, he thought that the doctrines of the church of Geneva were '*in all respects conformable with the Scriptures*', and when the upright antitrinitarian dissented from them, he dissented in the language of the professor '*without a real cause*'. Such is the high-flown *orthodoxy* of Dr. Marsh, who was only a few years ago heretical enough to suppose that all the inspiration which the evangelists possessed consisted in sitting down at a desk, like attorneys' clerks, and copying *a common document*. But the sweets of the Margaret professorship, and perhaps a certain lickerish longing for higher honours, have taught the subtle theologue *better things*,—and enabled him to discern the infallible verity of the thirty-nine articles, '*to dissent from which is to dissent without a cause.*'

Thus the professor, by one sweeping clause, has passed sentence of condemnation on every dissenter, of every denomination, in the British isles. He says explicitly, that all those persons who dissent from the doctrines of the church, *dissent without a real cause*. The professor therefore must impute their dissent either to their ignorance, or to their depravity. But we would ask this redoubted champion of intolerance, had Doddridge, and Lardner, and Priestley, or had Evanson, and Jebb, and Lindsey, with innumerable other dissidents from the doctrines of the church, who are gone to their account, neither reason nor conscience? Did they dissent without knowing why? Was their opposition to

the tenets of the establishment caused by corrupt motives, or by insufficient reasons? Is the Margaret professor a man of such infinite learning, of such transcendent genius, or such unsullied worth, that he is to be allowed to sit in judgment on these honoured names, and to call every wise and righteous dissenter before his inquisitorial tribunal?

We trust that we are as warm friends to the *real interests* of the establishment as Mr. professor Marsh, or even any member of the hierarchy, though we have never luxuriated in its emoluments, and our support has always been gratuitous and unbought,—but, we will never tacitly suffer the true principles of dissent from the establishment to be reviled, and a large and most respectable body of religionists, who pass under the denomination of dissenters, to be loaded with opprobrious imputations, and to be told that '*they dissent without a cause*.' It is a matter of indifference to us by whom these accusations are adduced and these calumnies propagated. Whether the author be secular or spiritual, a churchman or a layman, a doctor of divinity in his pastoral chair, or a cobler prating theology in his stall, we feel it our duty on these occasions to be no respecters of persons, but to defend not only the reasonable ness but the duty of religious dissent when it is founded on knowledge, and enforced by conscience. Is this Margaret professor to mount the pulpit of St. Mary's in Cambridge, to assert that all dissent from the doctrines of the church of England is causeless, and to lead his auditors to infer that it must originate in ignorance, in prejudice, or in wickedness? This is such a specimen of dogmatical arrogance as we should hardly have expected from the mouth of one of the toadeaters of Archbishop Laud, in the times of Charles the First, and much less from the lips of a learned and hitherto reputed very free-thinking theologue in this liberal, tolerant, and enlightened period. Whatever encomiums may be lavished on the erudition of the translator of Michaelis, he must henceforth be content to take his station among the enemies of religious liberty. We do not know what the professor may feel on this addition to his title; but for our own parts, we would not merit the appellation for all the emoluments of his pension, combined with those of his professorship.

We had intended to animadvert on some other passages in these lectures, particularly on that notable assertion of the professor, p. 113, that whatever difference may exist in the MSS. of the Greek Testament, they '*all declare with one accord the doctrine of the Trinity, and the doctrine of the atonement by Jesus Christ*'; but we shall probably have

occasion to expatiate on these subjects, when the professor publishes his next course of lectures. We shall here only remark on the quotation which we have just adduced, that, if the doctrine of the Trinity, &c. be so demonstrably clear, and so unambiguously expressed in the Scriptures, why should it have seemed so dark and dubious to the quick-sightedness of Newton and of Locke? and why is it so generally found that the more intimately a scholar is versed in the criticism of the Scriptures (unless he happen unfortunately to hold a Margaret professorship), the more fixedly convinced he usually becomes that these doctrines are not only not contained in the Scriptures, but are most essentially and diametrically opposite to the spirit and the letter of the Scriptures? Indeed this is so clear, that the most juvenile theologue might safely maintain the converse of the professor's proposition against him, or against any, or against all, the professors in Christendom.

We are sorry to remark, but we are forced to remark before we conclude our strictures on these lectures, that they are, in our humble opinion, totally unworthy the well-earned celebrity which the author obtained by the translation of Michaelis. Very little but the compilation of trite and common-place learning appears in any part of the work; and, we most solemnly declare that we have not found a single sentence in the whole, which exhibits one trace of that superior ability which we were wont to ascribe to the translator of Michaelis. But Dr. Marsh, the translator of Michaelis, and Dr. Marsh the Margaret professor, appear to be such totally distinct persons, that we do not know how, even by a stretch of metaphysical subtlety, to establish their identity. The strictures which we apply to the one we do not consider by any means applicable to the other.

If a man, from motives which we shall not name, orally or verbally defends what he does not thoroughly and cordially approve, a certain vapid imbecility will be apparent in the effort, which no subtlety can disguise, no artifice conceal. What most energizes the mind, and gives indeed double elasticity to its powers, is the impassioned love of truth, divested of any impure mixture of interest or ambition. Those who have loved truth, and who have spoken, have written, and suffered in her defence, have loved her *for her own sake*, and have adhered to her in indigence and misfortune, as a stay in life and a hope in death.

**ART. IV.—*The Husband and the Lover, an historical and moral Romance.* 3 vols. London, Lackington, 1809.**

THE heroine of this romance is represented as an orphan, placed under the protection of prince Charles of Lorraine, by her father the count de Montresor, who died in the field of honour. The mother of our heroine, who had passed her infancy in the court of Philip IV. of Spain, and received many marks of kindness from Anne of Austria, survives her husband but a few months. Her daughter, the young Sabina, she leaves to the sole charge of prince Charles of Lorraine, who, for some years lets her remain at the chateau de Montresor under the care of a father Theodore and a confidential servant of her late mother. When she is old enough to be *introduced*, he presents her to the queen mother, as the child of one whom she had once honoured with her friendship. The queen places her under the care of the Baroness de Bonneville, till she finds a suitable match for her. This is soon done, and the Marquis de Briscacier is the person fixed upon by the king for the husband of Sabina. The story commences with two letters from father Theodore to prince Charles, regretting the plan which he had adopted for his protégée. Sabina being anxious to know something about the marquis de Briscacier, is tempted by her maid Camilla, to go, unknown to the baroness, to a fortune-teller, called the Egyptian Sibyl, to cast her nativity. The description of the sibyl is not ill drawn, as the following extract will shew.

' You must remember,' said Sabina, ' to her maid Camilla, ' with what reluctance I followed her emissary, when informed that I could only be admitted alone into her apartment; and had you not made me ashamed of the weakness of leaving the house, without accomplishing the purpose for which I had encountered so many difficulties to reach it, I should have positively refused to follow her. She led me up several flights of steps, when, after passing through a long narrow passage, lighted only by a single lamp, we stopped opposite a closed door. My conductor thrice knocked distinctly on it, a hollow voice from within exclaimed— "Enter!" on which the door, untouched, flew open: my companion grasping my arm, led, or rather dragged me into the middle of the chamber, and instantly disappearing, the door closed with a noise which made me start. I cast my eyes around me, and perceived that the walls were hung with black, on which were described various incomprehensible figures; spheres, telescopes, with skins of hideous animals, were confusedly scattered about. The obscurity which pervaded the apartment on my first entrance was gradually succeeded by the most brilliant il-

lumination ; and directing my eyes to the upper end, I espied, seated at a table, on which were placed pens, ink, paper, books, and curious instruments, a venerable figure, whose countenance expressed the most impenetrable gravity. She was clad in black, and held in her hand a white wand, with which she waved me to approach. I certainly felt myself impressed with awe and terror, by the solemnity and stillness which reigned around ; and it was with sensations, which scarcely permitted me to breathe, that I obeyed her mysterious command. I had advanced to within a few paces of the place where she sat, when she pointed with her wand to a circle described around her, motioning me to stop. I complied ; when rising, she approached me, and stretched out her brown and shrivelled arm. In obedience to her silent direction I had drawn off my glove, and presented her my hand ; she fixed her wildly penetrating eyes on it, and was on the point of breaking the silence which she had hitherto preserved, when the sentence that hovered on her lips was suspended by a tremendous clap of thunder. It broke over our heads with a crash so terrific, as for a few seconds to deprive me of all consciousness ; but gradually it rolled off—its awful rumbling became fainter and fainter, till it quite died away. The sibyl then grasping the trembling fingers, which she still detained, thus addressed me :

“ Long is the line of misfortune which thy palm exhibits. The fatal sisters are, e'en now, employed in weaving the dark thread of thy destiny, and ere Lūna shall thrice become a crescent, thy heart, yet uncorroded by grief, shall feel its first approaches, by receiving at once the arrows of love and sorrow.

“ I started, and would have withdrawn my hand, but forebly detaining it, she continued—“ Lady, thou art young and innocent, and know not yet the waywardness of the female heart ; thine will betray thee, and rejecting him whom thou art bound to love, it will become the victim, of him it should disdain.” I was about to address her, but with decision she said, “ Lady, I have done ! ” Immediately waving her wand the door again flew open, my former guide appeared, and led me back to the room in which I had left you.’

On her return from the sibyl with her maid Camilla, she is insulted by a person in a state of intoxication, and rescued by a youth, who conducts them to his hotel till he procures them a safe escort. Whilst waiting for his return, they overhear a conversation between two gentlemen, in which one is relating to his brother Sabina’s history, and acquainting him with the intention of the king’s giving a splendid tournament in honour of her marriage with his favourite, the marquis de Briscacier. These gentlemen prove Polish noblemen, travelling *incog.* and the cavalier, who rescued Sabina, a cousin, by the name of Sapieha, a lively character. Well, the lady Sabina is

introduced to the marquis, and marries him, the tournament commences, and the dresses and decorations are in the costume of the several nations they represented. Amongst the number of *noblesse* who enter the lists, is Don Juan, the natural son of the queen's brother, dressed in the garb of a Marcoman. Next came the king's brother, Monsieur, whose effeminate taste displayed itself in a Moorish habit of great richness; and we are told by St. Simon, that this effeminacy was much encouraged by the queen. 'La reine sa mère aimoit à le voir habillé en fille, et permettoit qu'il se montrât ainsi publicment, entouré de Jeunes Courtisans travestis comme lui.' We next have a description of a far different character, the great Condé, habited in the Spanish style, wearing the hat ornamented with a profusion of white feathers, which our author tells us was the leading signal to victory in the memorable battle of Rocroi. The count de Chatillon also appears in a Swedish dress. The gay, the witty, and the dissipated count de Grammont is beheld in the costume of England, from which he had lately returned. The viscount Turenne, clad in the ancient German garb, next presents himself. Courtenai, the *degenerate scion of a noble stock*, is reluctantly forced into the field by the cardinal Mazarine. The summons was just going to be given for the knights trying their arms,

'when suddenly three strangers appeared, hastening full speed toward the field.'

'As they approached within sight, all eyes were attracted by the two foremost, and fixed in admiration of the superior nobleness and majesty of their figures, the splendour of their dress, and the unrivalled grace with which they managed their fiery coursers;' which we are told were 'milk white Arabs.'

Next follows the account of the knights in the ancient Polish costume:

'The first knight possessed a tall and exquisitely formed figure; his face was a fine oval, his features regular, his aquiline nose gave dignity to a frank and open countenance,\* his dark eyes were full of fire and sensibility; and there was a loftiness and grandeur in his air and manger, which irresistibly inspired respect and admiration. The shield of this knight exhibited the figure of a lady, whose features were concealed by a veil, which a flying Cupid was extending its little hand to seize, and round it were these words—"Love shall lift it."

This knight, on entering the lists, performs wonders with the

\* The description of this distinguished chevalier is strictly historical.

greatest ease and most infinite grace ; he even vanquishes the great Condé. The judges of the tournament conduct the Pole to the pavilion, in which Sabina is seated as the lady of the fete ; she is in the act of placing the prize over his neck, when her husband enters, and discovers in the person of the stranger his preserver in an adventure he had with some banditti in a cavern, into which he was decoyed by a dog trained for the purpose. After this recognition, the Pole is called the Knight of the Cavern. It also appears, that the knight of the cavern is no other than the chevalier, whom Sabina, on the night she went to the Egyptian sibyl, over-hears relating to his brother the account of her marriage to the marquis de Briscacier.

As the queen and court are returning from the field, they are met by a courier from the army, who delivers, a packet to the marquis, the contents of which oblige him to quit his bride and all the gayeties of the court, to quell an alarming mutiny which had broken out in the army. The marquis prefers the duty he owes his military character, and after arranging every thing, he conducts his bride to his chateau, and leaves her to enjoy the splendid exhibitions which are prepared at the court in honour of their marriage. He engages the baroness Bonneville to be her companion. Then follow descriptions of balls, masquerades, water parties, archery, &c. &c. in which the knight of the cavern acts a very distinguishing part, and is the most elegant personage amongst the numerous *noblesse*. He is also enabled to visit the marchioness, through the means of the baroness Bonneville; an intimacy consequently takes place at the marquis's chateau between the knight of the cavern, his brother the count Olesko, and the chevalier Sapieha. This intimacy is matured into friendship ; as the marquis is still detained from his bride, every opportunity is afforded to those friends of spending as much of their time together as possible ; and as the marchioness is under the care of the good baroness, who is described as an excellent motherly woman, who enters into their amusements, &c. time glides away very charmingly and imperceptibly. But love, almighty love ! is so very cruel as to creep into the bosom of the all innocent and accomplished Sabina, which she as innocently takes (as a married woman ought) for profound friendship. The knight who excites those feelings, has art enough to make her believe that he is attached to a lady which is supposed to be the picture of the veiled fair he bore on his shield. Hence spring the disasters and the interest of the tale. The knight, who is for ever at the elbow of Sabina, accompanies her on the water 'to the isle of

Pheasants, situated in the middle of the Bidassoa.' Going a little too far they are overtaken in a storm, and the knight rescues Sabina, who tips overboard. They are both preserved, and after a declaration of the most violent love on the part of the knight, Sabina grows very grave, the gentleman is seized with a fever, and all is unhappiness and confusion. The knight recovers, and Sabina, with all possible timidity, plays to him on the harp, sings his favourite airs, and makes herself as agreeable as friendship and a warm heart can desire. But our readers will observe, that *she did not know she loved*; no, it was *friendship, pure, immaculate friendship*. However, after a time, the knight and his companions are summoned home;—he previously accompanies Sabina to their favourite pavilion, where, after a vast deal of fine sentiment, we are told

'the young, the inexperienced, the heart-struck marchioness, in the overwhelming idea that, with the fleeting moment, her lover would be lost to her for ever, forgot all but him:—and, to the delirium of his passion, sacrificed her vows—her honour—her future peace—herself!'

So, gentle reader, after a vast bustle and fuss about *friendship* and *decorum* in the young marchioness, it comes to the old story, a tale of seduction! The knight departs, and the marchioness, frantic with grief and remorse, writes to her husband to acquaint him with her adultery and his dishonour. She is at the same time attacked by a violent illness, and is only persuaded to bear the load of life from the generous conduct of her husband, 'who resolves on making a noble sacrifice of his own feelings, and with his beneficent hand, raise the drooping flower.'

The marquis therefore plans a divorce; he endeavours to find out the seducer of his lady and propose a marriage between them: but the mystery in which the knight of the cavern is involved frustrates these generous intentions. In all due time a son is born, which passes for the marquis's heir, and months and years pass on without Sabina knowing who is the father of the boy, but experiencing the most fraternal and noble attentions and tenderness from her injured husband, while she herself suffers the most acute remorse.

The marquis dies suddenly, and leaves a paper, informing Sabina that her lover and the father of her son is no less a personage than the great Sobieski, king of Poland. We will quote the letter.

'Should you not survive the writer of these lines, sweet and

beloved Sabina, you will quit this world, doubtful of his honour and integrity!—Afflicting idea!

‘He once gave you a solemn promise to execute, if possible, a project for your happiness!—That project remains unexecuted!—but from no failure on his part,

‘During his life, he has rather chosen to endure the severe pain of believing you have attributed to him the disappointment of your hopes, than that you should be aware you owe it solely to a cause, which must inflict tenfold sorrow on yourself.

‘Thus far has his tenderness for you actuated him. He has been encouraged also by the knowledge, that he still possessed the power of exculpating himself in your eyes.

‘But when death has deprived him of that power, were he not to leave behind him this transcript of his conduct, you, whom he so sincerely loves, must ever consider it with suspicion, too injurious to his memory for him to support the thought!

‘Yet learn, Sabina! that tenderly as he has loved *you*, an attachment, the most enthusiastic, once subsisted between him and an unfortunate object, not less fascinating to his then young heart than you have proved to his maturer judgment! The cruel tyranny of her relatives tore her from him; and, reckless of her happiness, by forcing her into the arms of one who possessed not her affection, they ensured her misery! It was with frantic despair he learnt this afflictive event; and too late did her ill-judging friends repeat their conduct. The sweet sufferer, thus snatched from the object of her innocent love, and subjected to the alternate fits of ill humour, or passionate endearments of him she hated, sunk an early victim to the grave—and left, on her lover’s mind, an impression of grief and regret the most profound.

‘From that period, till the one he first saw you, he had sedulously shunned your whole sex; devoting himself entirely to the profession of arms. In you, *her* treasured image appeared to his delighted fancy again revived!—and he dared indulge the hope

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‘It was the deep horror thus early inspired for compulsory marriages, that actuated my conduct towards yourself, on my return to the château de Briscacier: for so young were you—so short had been our acquaintance previous to the fatal ceremony, that I felt it impossible I could have been the object of your choice; and I resolved to spare myself the torture of knowing, that I had been instrumental in affixing misery on a second interesting being: since, however different the cause, the effect would have been similar.

‘The name and condition of my envied rival were, by a singular chance, discovered to me; and I at the same time learnt that he was on his way to Poland, which was his country. To a friend, who was then in an official situation, residing at that court, and on whose discretion I could implicitly rely, I entrusted the plan I have since detailed to you; his well-known delicacy pointing him out as the fittest person I could have selected, to

enter on a subject so nice, with your lover :—but before my instructions reached my friend, that lover, who had found, on his arrival, his father already dead, was, with his brother, gone to Constantinople.—Thus, for a time, were my eager wishes postponed !—The letter I received on the evening prior to my first quitting the chateau de Montresor, conveyed to me this intelligence. Still was I not discouraged ;—a few months delay was all I then had to regret.

‘ Ere the return of my rival, my friend was, for a short time, recalled from Poland ; and, on resuming his station there, found that he, whom, for my sake, he was so desirous of encountering, had passed a short time, during his absence, in Warsaw, and was then gone, as a voluntary hostage for his country, to that of the Tartars !—Thus were our views a second time frustrated.

‘ Judge, dearest Sabina, with what feelings I afterwards learnt that, on his revisiting his country, an obstacle opposed my hopes, of which I little dreamed ! That man, whose fate I so greatly envied, in being loved by you, was on the point of marriage with another !’

Sabina meekly raising her hands and eyes towards heaven, remained, for some time in speechless agitation ;—then, in a voice, tremulous from emotion, she said,

‘ It has pleased *Thee*, that I should drink, even to the very dregs, my bitter cup of life !—Thy will be done.’

The marquis’s letter thus concluded :—

‘ In a case so little foreseen and delicate, my friend preserved silence towards him ; and still ignorant of my designs in his favour, he pronounced those vows, which separated you for ever !

• Never could I resolve on informing you of an event, which I knew must so infinitely shock you—yet which could alone explain my seeming want of probity. Rather have I preferred evincing my genuine tenderness, by preserving even at this price, the fatal secret.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘ Had it pleased Heaven to have conferred on me the power of constituting your happiness, mine would have been secured !—As it is, I feel consolation in the reflection, that what I *could* do to ensure it, has been by me performed.

‘ May that lovely boy, whose birth has cost so many tears to his enchanting mother, amply compensate to her for all the sorrow she has suffered !—and, by his filial tenderness, teach her to live again in him !’

Soon after Sabina dies, leaving her son to the care of prince Charles of Lorraine and father Theodore, and restoring to the marquis’s nephew the estates he had left. Prince Charles of

Lorraine gives Sabina's son (who is named Sidney) a commission, and accompanies him to Vienna to oppose the Ottoman forces. The Emperor Leopold persuades Sobieski to become his ally, and prince Charles forms the plan of introducing Sidney to his father, and claiming his protection. This he attains, and an explanation takes place in the tent of prince Charles. When Sobieski is first informed of the death of his victim, and the birth of his son, whom he acknowledges, he also explains in his turn, and, in a great measure, extenuates his conduct towards Sabina, by detailing his life, and the various circumstances that precluded his return to France, as well as his ignorance of the intention of the marquis de Briscacier in his favour, and therefore complies with his mother's wishes, in taking a partner to his throne. Sidney is properly received and provided for, marries a cousin, and retires to his mother's estate in France, &c.

The story of Sidney Stinhouse and her daughter, is interesting, and the characters of the baronets de Bonneville and the generous Sapieha, with that of the marquis de Briscacier, are not ill executed. The work itself is much interspersed with historical facts, some of which, to novel readers, will be thought tedious; nor can we pass any eulogy on the moral tendencies of the present publication. With young minds the perusal is more likely to be productive of mischief than of benefit.

**ART. V.—Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books.** By the Rev. William Beloe, Translator of Herodotus, &c. Vol. III. London, Rivington, 1808. 9s.

**BIBLIOGRAPHY**, originating in knowledge, and conducted with taste and skill, is a respectable branch of learning, though bibliographical books may be an inferior sort of literary manut ature, made up, after running the eye over catalogues, and drinking silently from other people's springs.

In the scale of bibliographical writers, however, it is not intended here to assign Mr. Beloe's place. Let it suffice just to announce, that the present volume is the last of three, that it is to be followed by two more, and that the author has prepared an appendix, which will contain corrections and additions to his former volumes.

To begin with the Greek books. We begin here, thinking it most regular, at least as more agreeable to the truth.

Mr. Beloe's account comprehends Greek books from 1476

to 1500; 1 with a date, 2 *sinc anno.* 3, apud Aldam. This proceeds regularly from p. 149 to p. 217. He then breaks off to give an account of early editions of Virgil, and then again passes to a brief account of early printers. He returns to his Greek, p. 309, and describes Greek books of the 15th century in capital letters to 316. In the middle of the volume, between 'the life of Joane of the Crosse' and Wilson's Bible, we have *the Alexandrian MS.* which certainly ought to have fallen into the ranks among his bibliicals or his Greek books.

This account, however, of Greek books, though not containing any thing materially new, is, in our opinion, the most interesting and useful part of this volume; and the account more particularly of the *Editio Princeps* of Homer is discriminating and just. Mr. Beloe informs us, there is a copy of it in the collection of 'Earl Spencer, the bishop of Rochester, and his learned friend Dr. Raine, of the Charterhouse.' Should he not also have added that there is one in the Bodleian library and the British Museum? An acquaintance with the distinguished persons above mentioned is certainly creditable to Mr. Beloe; and such gentlemen, in their literary characters, are unquestionably entitled to respect; but bibliographical works should aim to be useful, rather than complimentary, as they are addressed to inquirers who would be better satisfied in being informed that such an edition is lodged in a public library, where it may be perused by the public, and examined at leisure, than that it is in the collection of a private gentleman, where it may not be accessible, at least only to a few friends. This hint is dropped in reference to the general character of this volume. The words quoted by Mr. Beloe from Maittaire we shall quote again, not merely as a testimony to the excellence of the *Editio Princeps* of Homer, but as a specimen of excellent remark, in reference to that edition.

'Maittaire, who unlike the generality of bibliographers, is not contented with giving a dry and accurate description of the book before him, but improves us by his learning and interests us by his taste, is elevated almost to rapture when speaking of this first Homer. "Milan," he observes, "and Venice, had some reason to be proud, as having produced the first Greek books, but Florence could not bear to be outdone (*erubuit vinci*), and accordingly produced what made ample amends for her delay.'

'What had hitherto been done in Greek typography might be said to resemble slight skirmishings before a great battle; for what is a single sheaf compared with the fulness of the harvest?

What is the Grammar of Lascaris compared with the Homer of Florence? Whilst other cities were making feeble and immature efforts on the threshold, as it were, of learning, Florence, by one mighty effort, arrived at once at the summit, and produced what defied all competition."

Mr. Beloe expresses a difference in opinion from Panzer and other writers, relative to Bernardus Nerlius, the author of the Latin epistle prefixed to this edition, ' who has usually been supposed with his brother Neris, to have been the printer of this book.' Mr. B. supposes them to have been men of rank and learning. His opinion seems right; though his reasons are not quite conclusive. The first printers were men of respectability and learning, qualified to write as good Latin prefaces as this, and in the habit of doing it, and in the habit too of receiving as handsome compliments, as Nerlius here receives from Chalcondylas, in his Greek preface, as witness the Aldi and the Stephani and others. The Colophon at the end certainly confirms and decides the opinion: it is the language adopted in Colophons to distinguish the patron of literature from the mere printer. Ακαδηματικός τον ευγενεῖς καὶ αγαθοῖς αὐθένταις καὶ περι λογούς Ελληνικός σπουδαῖος βιβλιοφόρος καὶ Νερίου Τακαΐδος του Νερίδων Φλαμινίτικος. τοιού δὲ καὶ διξιοτῆτε Δημητρίου Μελολαστού Κρητος.

Seeing *Alexandrian MS.* in Mr. Beloe's table of contents, knowing that this is deemed one of the most curious MSS. and by many the most valuable Greek MS. any where extant, and that Mr. Beloe, formerly one of the librarians in the British Museum (where this MS. is lodged) could at any time gain access to it, we naturally looked for some agreeable information: how were we disappointed in finding nothing but the following account!

' Ten copies only of the Alexandrian manuscript of the Greek Testament in the British Museum were printed upon vellum. They were subscribed for by the following individuals: his majesty, Duke of Grafton, Lord Sandys, Mr. Peachy, Mr. Burrell, Rev. Mr. Cracherode, Rev. Mr. Rose, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Nicolls (Qr. Nicol), and Rev. Dr. Lort.

Dr. Lort's copy was purchased by the bishop of Rochester. Mr. Jackson's copy was sold by auction at Leigh and Sotheby's rooms.'

Mr. Beloe should have said nothing on the subject, or ought to have said something more.

Next, with respect to Latin books, Mr. Beloe wishes to make his readers some compensation for a former error, in regard to the first edition of Virgil. This he hopes to do by

the various information he has endeavoured to collect concerning the earlier editions of that poet, which he is better able to do through the kindness of Lord Spencer; his lordship having permitted him to examine and describe at his leisure his most valuable assemblage of Virgils, not to be equalled in this nor any other country.

Mr. Beloe has accordingly given a correcter and completer account of the first editions of Virgil, than is found in some preceding bibliographers, particularly Fabricius and Dr. Harwood—though he has been much forestalled here by Mr. Dibden, who seems to have had access to the same valuable library, and whose account of the different editions of Virgil discovers considerable pains. Mr. Beloe closes his account of the dated editions of Virgil in 1479, with a short account of editions without a date, and of select parts of Virgil in the library of Lord Spencer, of extraordinary rarity and value. At p. 320 he proceeds to give an account of the Latin poets of the 15th century, and closes it with a brief account of the Latin translations of the Greek poets, and a New Testament in Latin hexameters.

Under this head also should be noticed the earlier editions of the Latin translation of the Bible. This account he brings down (p. 10) to 1471, when the commentary of Lyra was first published: but, somewhat confusedly, he gives an account of some others, p. 29, 39; several of them are certainly very rare, seldom to be met with in either private or public libraries. Under this head (in Mr. B.'s book, called *Biblicals*) he gives an account of a 'very uncommon book, a great literary curiosity,' a *POLISH BIBLE*.

There is a *Polish Bible* of more modern date in some of our public libraries; but this was published in 1563. It was printed at the expence of prince Radzivil, palatine of Vilna, under the direction of the *Frates Poloni*. Mr. Beloe says, 'it was entirely superintended by the Socinians, among whom was the celebrated Michael Servetus.'

The fact is there were two editions of the Socinian Bible. When the Socinians first formed their churches in Poland, several learned men met, as for other purposes, so also for that of translating the Scriptures; and their Scriptures were revised and re-published in 1572. Now it does not really appear that Servetus ever was in Poland; nor is it likely, *prima facie*, that prince Radzivil should have employed a Spaniard on such a work, more particularly as he had many learned men about him of his own country, zealously attached to his sentiments. But to be short, it is impossible:

Servetus was born in 1509, and burnt in 1553. Mr. B. therefore has confounded this edition with one that actually was edited by Servetus at Lyons, in 1542, and unfair means having been taken to suppress both editions, they became extremely scarce.

Mr. B. says of this Polish Bible, I am informed, that the famous text 1 John v. 7. is to be found in this translation, from whence it *is to be inferred*, that the Vulgate was the original from which the version was made.

Surely this is too hastily inferred: the Vulgate has 1 John v. 7., but has not the third edition of Erasmus? Has not Beza's? Has not Robert Stephens's? and all preceded the Polish version. And is it probable, that Socinians, and allowedly men of learning, would have translated from the Vulgate? Besides, how reads the title? *Biblia Polonica a Pinczoniis edita et a Socinianis publicata, ex Hebraicis & Græcis soutibus, &c.*

Under this division of Biblicals, Mr. B. puts *Gulielmi Durandi Rationalis Divinorum Officiorum celebrandorum—Caunes & Decreta Concilii Tridentini—S. Cypriani Opus Epistolarum—Lactantiani Opera—J. Hieronymi Opus Epistolarum—Divi Hieronymi Expositio in Symbolum Apostolorum—Sancti Augustini in Civitate Dei, &c. &c.* a little out of order certainly; as they would have come more properly under the head of THEOLOGICALS. As this sort of books was first printed by the foreign printers, they may certainly be considered curious, as specimens of early typography; but many of them are not very rare, at least they regularly fall in the way of those who look into public libraries, or the libraries of private gentlemen.

As to the English books described in this volume, they certainly characterize the times to which they belong; though many, as works of literature, are of little account: and in two instances where Mr. Beloe deals most in assertion, we think him a little mistaken.

Speaking concerning king Edward the VIth's catechism, he says, ‘the internal evidence of the book warrants us to assign it to Nowell; for upon a comparison of it with that of which he is the acknowledged author, which he drew up at Cecil's request, and presented to the convocation in 1562, and published in 1570, it will be found that the latter is only an enlargement of the former, of which the plan, the matter, and the doctrines are regularly followed, and frequently the same words and expressions are used: he thinks the material doctrinal difference between Edward's catechism and that of 1570, is found in the exposition in the petition of the Lord's

prayer, thy kingdom come, as it regarded the millennium, and that these catechisms do not give countenance to the Geneva doctrine, i. e. the doctrine of absolute predestination.

But let us attend to Edward the V<sup>I</sup>th's catechism, for with that only we are at present concerned. It is a dialogue between master and servant; and a few quotations will shew that Mr. Beloe is not correct in his assertions:—‘as many as are in this faith steadfast, were forechosen, predestinated, and appointed to everlasting life, before the world was made.’

‘The Holy Ghost is called holy, not only for his own holiness, but because the elect of God and the members are made holy by him.’ Christians, who have the *witnessing spirit* in them, are called ‘the forechosen, predestinate, the appointed to everlasting life before the world was made;’ and the whole tenor of the first catechism, and consequently of the second, according to Mr. Beloe’s concession, runs in the same vein, up to the full import of the five points of John Calvin.

Who the writer of this catechism was, is a question of a private nature, of no great concern: of the two, Poynel, and Nowell, we think with Mr. Beloe, the stronger reasons are on the side of the latter. But the presumption is, notwithstanding the *a pio quodam et eruditissimo scripta*, the whole, perhaps being written out, and arranged, and the greater part composed by Nowell, that it was the joint production of Ridley, Cranmer, and other leading reformers, and that Bishop Poynel might have furnished his share. Cranmer, and the whole synod, that passed it, subscribed it; the king himself prefaced it; and Bishop Ridley being charged on his trial at Oxford, as being the author, acknowledged ‘that he noted some things in it.’ Bayle is, and he has been followed by others, who ascribes it to Bishop Poynel; and it is probable that he furnished a part. Dr. Fuller gives it to the same persons, *who drew up the articles relating to the convocation*, as the authors.

But with respect to the question, what is the doctrine taught in this catechism, that is of a much more public nature, as it relates to the national sentiment, at the time; and the Corpus Confessionum, and other theological writings of that age, and particularly this catechism, all enforce the doctrine of Geneva. Burnet and Hume both allow that the reformers taught that doctrine: in Queen Elizabeth’s reign, when the enlarged edition of this catechism was published, the same was confirmed as the national opinion; and there was a petition addressed to her majesty, by Mr. Talbot and a few others, denounced as freewillers, merely imploring liberty of conscience, and to suffer no punishment for differ-

ing a little from this Geneva doctrine. It is not intended by all this to defend that doctrine, nor to wish it revived in the church, but merely to say, that such was the doctrine of the times, and that such, contrary to the assertion made by Mr. B. must have been, and is, the doctrine taught in both these catechisms. This catechism, though written in Latin, has been classed among the English books here, because we have quoted from the translation.

Among the English books, Mr. B. mentions Martin Mar-prelate, a coarse book certainly, and perhaps not worth mentioning. He speaks of it as written 'by a junto, of whom the principal were John Penry, one John Udal, and Humphery New.' This John Udal, of whom Mr. B. speaks so cavalierly, was a respectable man, whom King James, a learned man himself, pronounced of good erudition and fruitful travels in the church (in a letter to Queen Elizabeth). Neither was he the author of Martin Mar-prelate, as appeared from two public examinations, and its differing from him in some essential point of doctrine; and Mr. Udal, and others well acquainted with the writing of Mr. Penry, pronounced them written in an entirely different style and temper from that of Martin Mar-prelate. In short, the author of this piece was never known: and as the writers of party, on one side and the other, are accustomed to go all lengths, Mr. Beloe, in a book of literature, should be cautious of following their assertions.

Mr. Beloe has given us two or three specimens of old English poetry; or more properly one of English, and another of Scotch; the former from Mr. George Withers; the other from a volume of Scottish poetry, published in 1621.

G. Withers was a writer in James the First's reign, called by Pope, in his Dunciad, *wretched Withers*. He appears however, to have been an honest enthusiast, a bitter satirist against others, and not sparing himself. There are some things of his better entitled to notice than his 'hymns and songs of the church,' as particularly his volume, containing abuses whipt and stript, the scourge, &c. and the *dedication to himself* has more sense in it than his highflown strain of panegyric in the form of dedication addressed 'to the high and mighty Prince James,' &c. &c. Some pieces of Withers are elegant and very smart. However, the volume here noticed more properly belongs to theologicals; and Mr. B. has probably selected from that volume what is as creditable to Withers, as any thing contained in that performance.

The Scotch poem, quoted from 'ane compendious book of godly and Scriptural songes, collectet out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie ather ballates changed out of prophaine songes, for avayding of sinne and harlottrie,' &c., Edinburgh, printed for Andro Hart, 1621; and Mr. B. recommends us, 'for an account of this rare and curious book, to Mr. Arnot's History of Edinburgh.'

Though we give credit to Mr. Beloe for being much at home in Greek, Latin, and English, and therefore have not noticed a few errors, which, we doubt not are mere errors of the press, yet he seems to be less familiarly versed in Scottish literature. We therefore take the liberty of pointing out a few mistakes. From some strange blunder, 'I came from hevin to tell,' is jostled in, in two places, to the utter confusion of all sense and rhyme.

'He sall him find but mark or wying,'  
should be,

'Ze (or ye) sall him find but mark or wring,'

Z, in old Scotch books and MSS. is used for Y, and wring means deformity; there no such word as wying.

'So lyis hee quilk now lies wrocht,'

Here again now should be either zow or you. In the next verse Mr. B. has,

'Let us rejoice and bee blyth,  
And with the goe full swyth,

leaving a blank in the middle, where hyrdes should be supplied. In the following is rhyme, but not a word of sense:

'Welcum now gracious God of my clit,  
To sinners byle pure and unricht,'

read,

'Welcum now, gracious God of mycht,  
To sinners vile, pure and unricht.'

Pure means poor; unricht, unrighteous.

'That on the hay and stray will lye  
Amang the asses, Grin, and Kye,

should be,

'That on the hay and stray will lye;  
Amang the asses, oxin and kye.'

'The sylke and sandell thee to eis  
Are Nay and sempell sweddling clais,

should be,

'The sylke and sandell thee to eis,  
Are Hay, and semp: swerling clais.'

Swerling is swaddling.

This book was re-published in 1801, in two volumes of Scottish poems of the 16th century, and therefore ceases to be a rare book.

P. 244, Mr. B. gives a brief account of a few of the early printers. Mr. Beloe's summary of the prefaces, prefixed to his edition of the classics, by Joseph Andreas, the learned bishop of Aleria, is well executed, nor less so the account of Pomponius Lætus. The names of these two eminent men are certainly interesting in a history of learning, and connected with the introduction of the art of printing into Italy; but we do not think it correct to place them, who belonged to the class of eminent critics, in a list of typographers.

Some of the books which are mentioned by Mr. Beloe we do not think either very rare or very valuable, and certainly he should be advised to study correctness, and to guard against following party writers of little authority: writers too on this sort of subjects, should be cautioned, till they have seen every thing that is to be seen, and read every thing that has been written, to be on their guard in speaking of *uniques*; and in proclaiming that they are describing books for the first time. This volume, however, is certainly not useless nor unamusing; and we wish Mr. B. to enjoy every opportunity to complete his work. But writings of this kind are very numerous, thrown into a variety of forms, and dispersed through a variety of publications; and with respect to many a one, Mr. B. should take the benefit of the advice contained in a line that is quoted by himself:

'Si vis certior fieri, id legito: Vale.'

**ART. VI.—*M. Fabii Quintiliani de Institutione Oratoriâ, l. xii. recisis, quæ minus necessaria videbantur, &c.—Curante Jacobo Ingram, Coll. Trin. Oxon. Soc. Oxonii, 1809.***

THIS edition of Quintilian is professedly the work of Mr. Ingram, the late Saxon professor at Oxford; and, as he is a 'wiccamy alumnus' in good breeding and loyalty, he dedicates this re-publication of an esteemed author to Dr. Huntingford, bishop of Gloucester.

In a short preface, more modest than he need have prefixed to the trouble he has taken in his revision, he brings our recollection back to the Gottingen impression of Gesner, and gives his reasons for the compendious mode which he prefers in the present instance. The reader need not be told that Rollin has published a castrated Quintilian; and will readily suppose that his is the ground-work of the present. Mr. Ingram, however, from the collation of MSS. and early printed books, in notes contained in a small compass, has amended, as he avers, about six hundred errors. Among the rest he has collated a valuable MS. of D'Orvilles, lately added to the Bodleian library; which, although of no higher date than the 15th century, seems to have been copied from a MS. of considerable antiquity. The proof of this is its agreement with the MS. in Gothic characters, whose value (as the most excellent copy of Quintilian now existing) is too well appreciated to require our comments. This scholar-like and unassuming preface concludes with a declaration that Mr. Ingram has not adhered in omission, or insertion, exactly to Rollin.

It is our wish to prove the excellence of this text-book by a few quotations from Mr. Ingram's remarks in his notes, which are occasionally, but not ostentatiously, scattered through the volume. Many indeed of them are simple marks of reference; others point to verbal beauties, perhaps not as generally valued or acknowledged as they should be; others are critical. We will give an instance of each—‘*in toce Opitergind.*’

‘ 86 (1) *Opitergium, oppidum Italiam, non procul à Venetiis: ex quō mille juvenes, bello inter Pompeium et Cæsarem exorto, in parvā rate circumventi, mutuis ictibus concidebat maluerunt, quam se hosti trucidandos relinquere. Vid. Flor. Epit. 4, 2, 33.*’

As far as it goes, this note is very well, and we can hardly suppose Mr. Ingram to have forgot Lucan's spirited account of this strange suicide (if it may be so called), but we certainly should have expected a reference to the poet, who adds so much vigour to the historical truth which he relates. Quintilian, the contemporary of Lucan, or rather his junior, could not be ignorant of that sublime passage, which we conceive induced him to make the example, and to unite it with that of the Saguntines. We do not mean to blame Mr. I. but merely to suggest that this and other notes of reference might be more copious without adding six pages to the bulk of the volume; and we think this sort of illustration would be very acceptable to the student.

We next subjoin a specimen of the attention Mr. Ingram gives to the immaculate beauty of his author's text, and his just discrimination in discarding vague and unnatural alteration. The text has (p. 84) 'Qui verò imaginem ipsam eloquentiae *ārīna quādam* mente conceperit, quique illam (ut ait non ignobilis tragicus), &c.' Mr. I. notes, after Rollin.

\* (3) Legi fortasse possit *divinam quādām*, ut referatur ad *imaginem eloquentiae*. R. Nihil mutandum. O.

\* 35. (1) Eurip. in Hec. vers. 816.—*πολὺ δὲ τῷ τραγῳ αἴρωνται μονες*. R. Insulè hiè Gesnerus, non ignobilis, ait, elogium est simile illi, quo Polybium *mactavit* Livius *non spēndens auctor*, &c. Particulam negativam, *non frequentissime significare nequaquam, ne minimè quidem*, &c. nemo vel mediocriter Latini Sermonis elegantissimis versatus non illico videt. O.

It may here be proper to remark that O stands for the editor Oxoniensis. We will call our readers but to one more illustration of our opinion, where, on a critical point, Mr. Ingram successfully combats Porson himself. We could not produce a stronger proof of his sagacity, or the confidence which his abilities justly give him.

The point to which we allude is early in the 6th book, and marked in Ingram's edition, p. 165, l. 5. To the passage we refer the reader, as it is too long, in all its bearings, to extract. The note is as follows :

\* (2.) Ita vero affectu Talthybius loquitur apud *τραγικούτατος των Ποντίων* Euripiden, Hec. v. 492.

Ω Ζευ, τι λέξω; ποτίρα σ' αἰρωπός οἶσαν, x. τ. λ. ubi vide, sis, quam importunè et frustra adverbium ἀλλως, primo sensu accipiendum, vexarunt alii, atque ipe Porsorus! O.

The line to which Mr. I. alludes is

η δέξαι ἀλλως ταῦτα κικηθόδαι μάτην.

Reiske and Musgrave prefer *αυτος*; from whose joint conjectures, Brünck so edits the verse. Porson is certainly dissatisfied with the word without adequate cause, and, if he were to change it, would prefer *ημας*.

To the subject of this book we have little farther to call the attention of our reader; Mr. Ingram's revision is *prima facie* so useful, that it cannot but be considered a valuable aid to university studies. In his research amidst Saxon annals, and the literature of our ancestors, he has received not only the commendation, but the thanks of all who are able to appreciate the intensity of, and the deduction from, such application. When we met him in the field of ancient criti-

cism, we little expected so puissant a champion. Much as Oxford has been embellished by her classical efforts during these last hundred years, we are convinced that she is climbing to her acme, and not hastening, as some of our contemporaries assert, to a rapid decline. Though the discrimination and genius of Mr. Ingram are the highest topics of our praise, his modesty, and his knowledge of the *ne quid nimis*, are most laudable. Let Heyne and his nine philological pupilli blush at the inferiority of their laborious and egotistical efforts!

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**ART. VII.—*Journal of a regimental Officer during the recent Campaign in Portugal and Spain under Lord Viscount Wellington. With a correct Plan of the Battle of Talavera.* London, Johnson. 8vo. pp. 137. 4s. 6d.**

THE author of this journal informs us, that the different incidents of which it is composed were noted down as they occurred, and that the original narrative has received no subsequent correction. We shall abridge or extract a few of his details which are either calculated to amuse, or to throw light on the state of Spain, and on the conduct of the French or the British troops. The officer, whoever he may be, writes with vivacity and ease.

On the 24th of December, 1808, the author of the journal landed near Lisbon, and proceeded to take up his quarters at the suburb of Belem. He inspected the palace of Belem; which exhibited a sad memorial of the barbarous ravage of the French. These admirers of the arts had not only stripped

it of every picture and ornament at all portable, but mutilated the very walls in their rapacious efforts to rob them of all that was valuable. Only two inferior rooms, and a small chapel, remain in any tolerable repair. A variety of packages lay scattered about the hall, which Junot, in his hurry, had not time to dispatch.

Our author visited Cintra, and was captivated with the rich and varied scenery of that place. He inspected a palace of the PRINCE REGENT, which was latterly the country seat of Junot, and will perhaps long be celebrated as the house where the *Convention of Cintra* was signed.

The building is modern, and one of the best constructed in Portugal. From the front you look through groves upon the rocks, and the sight is rather contracted; but the back part

brings you to a sudden descent, and stands so high above every thing in that direction, as to afford one of the most extensive prospects in the country. The sea appears to the left, and the convent of Mafra far in the back ground to the right.'

At Alcobaça our author was more than usually fortunate in his quarters, as he happened to be billeted at the house of a very hospitable personage. He speaks of the entertainment which he experienced here with much complacency.

'Our Don's style of living,' says he, 'was sumptuous : we commenced with an elegant dinner, and (*what is not always the case*) continued to partake of one equally good every day.—Although our host was unable to converse with us, he contrived to keep us constantly amused ; particularly those fond of music : he played the piano and guitar, and had great taste in singing. In order to promote a conference, the apothecary of Alcobaça, who spoke French, was invited to spend the afternoon, and requested to act as interpreter. This was one of the drollest fellows we had met with : he kept us in a roar of laughter all dinner-time. Indeed his very look was enough to promote mirth : —he had a constant smile on his face, which was embellished with a nose and chin nearly meeting, though between them he could just conveniently pass a walnut. The cut of his coat and general appearance was completed by a tremendous periwig ; the *summit* of which was capped, *à la pictoresque*, with a triangular cocked hat.—Our landlord seemed so delighted at seeing the party thus entertained, that he gave him an invitation to meet us *every day at dinner*, which the *doctor* most readily accepted. Our good host gave routs, inviting all his neighbours to meet us. After tea and coffee, we had music, vocal and instrumental ; with cards ; followed by a pleasant dance ; and concluding with a hot supper, where our friend the *doctor* was in great force.'

As the author advanced towards Oporto, the country appeared more wooded ; and the roads, instead of exhibiting only a bad and broken pavement as in most parts of Portugal, bore a nearer resemblance to an English post-road. At the little hamlet of Redinha, where he was billeted, he informs us that the houses,

'like all others in the country of inferior quality, have nothing but square holes, without glass, by way of windows : so that you have your choice of being exposed to the wind and rain, or sitting in total darkness by closing the shutters. My birth was on the floor of a room where there were three doors that could not be kept shut, and broken boards to the light-holes. These, with a plentiful supply of chinks in the walls, rendered it as airy as being in an open field. Generally speaking, to

make a remark respecting the vermin (from which scarcely a bed, from the best to the worst of houses throughout the country, is free) would be like the barber at Lisbon informing Baretti that "grapes grew in Portugal;" but here the fleas and bugs abounded to a degree worthy of memorandum. They kept me constantly employed nearly all night; and on the wretched approach of daylight to the crevices, I sprung out of bed:—but making any *havock* was of no avail:—the bugs were crawling about, and the fleas swarming like ants."

At this place the author was present at a Portuguese funeral.

'The corpse was laid on the back, with hands crossed, and tied together; the face quite exposed: and the body, covered with nothing but a shroud, was carried on an open bier with a sort of tester; and thrown into a hole like a dead dog. Instead of any solemnity at the moment of interment, the fellows around were in argumentative conversation: and one of them jumped into the grave, which was but just deep enough to bury the deceased, covered the face with a cloth, and began filling up the hole with the sculls and bones which were torn up and thrown around in digging it.'

At Coimbra the army was received with great demonstrations of joy. Flowers were scattered by the ladies from the windows on the troops as they passed; and illuminations were continued every night during their stay. After passing the Vouga on the 9th of May, 1809, the army had the next day a skirmish with the advanced posts of the French, who retreated to Olivera, which they almost immediately abandoned. They then took refuge in Oporto, after having blown up the bridge over the Douro. On the 12th the English army effected the passage of this river about a league above the town. The enemy were driven from the city and suburbs after a sharp contest. 'The streets were strewed with dead horses and men, and the gutters dyed with blood.' The British troops pursued the French to the frontiers of Spain. The road was marked by the ravages of the retreating enemy. They had set fire to the cottages of the peasants as they passed. 'Dead men, horses, cattle, and every thing that could forcibly depict ruin, were strewed for leagues along the road.' The British troops did not proceed farther than Chaves. Our author was desirous of having a peep at Spain, but had like to have paid dear for the gratification of his curiosity. After reaching the village of Padriira and mounting the hills, he became enveloped in a fog, and lost his way. He met several Portuguese, from whom he expected no better fate than had befallen some

straggling Frenchmen whom they had murdered in every direction. Just as he reached the borders of Galicia, his horse was seized with the staggers, the night was setting in, and he was ten miles from his quarters. General Silviera's Portuguese troops fortunately appeared soon after this, who were marching to Monte Legre. He proceeded with these troops to that place of destination. On his return to Salamunde, the road, which was formed round the mountains by the side of immense precipices, was in many places so narrow as hardly to admit a loaded mule. He proceeded nearly the whole day in a chain of mountains, among woods, rocks, and waterfalls, and was highly pleased with the landscapes which caught the eye between the heights. The passes were strewed with dead bodies, the majority of which were in a putrescent state. Many of the horses belonging to the French had been precipitated down the heights.

Our author proceeded with the British troops, by Thomar, Villa de Rea, Cortesada, Larzidas, Castello Branco, Lodoero, till he crossed the river Elga (Ella), and entered Spain. On the 21st of July, says the author,

' we were passed by the whole of the Spanish army, amounting to at least forty-two thousand. Their infantry, in part only, had a good appearance : but many of their cavalry were in a ragged state, without boots, and some of them literally with bare feet. Their horses, though slight, were in other respects good : yet with bad appointments, ill put on ; insomuch, that their stirrups were so long as hardly to be reached with the toe pointed down.'

At the battle of Talavera we are told, that 'during the night-engagements our battalions as well as those of the enemy fought with such determined fury, as frequently to close in, and beat out each other's brains with their muskets.' The author throws out various insinuations against the bravery of the Spaniards, and their conduct on the two days (27th and 28th July) of this memorable battle. But we should remember that the Spanish were for the most part only raw and undisciplined troops, under very bad officers ; and that the French, even under better officers, often turned their backs on their opponents at the commencement of the revolutionary war. But it appears to us, that in the battle of Talavera, the Spaniards evinced more firmness than has been ascribed to them : and it is pretty clear that if they had evinced less, and abandoned their position on the right of the British lines, the army of Sir Arthur Wellesley must have been turned, and probably put completely to the rout.

The officer who drew up this journal allows, that a vigorous attempt was made to break through the Spanish lines, and that the enemy were repulsed. Was this no service rendered to the common cause, or had it no effect on the issue of this conflict at Talavera? Would the event have been the same if the Spaniards had shown less firmness and intrepidity? Of the victory therefore which Sir Arthur Wellesley, since Lord Wellington, gained over the French at Talavera, part of the honour certainly belongs to our allies. Though the Spaniards did not manifest any great enterprize or heroism, yet they kept their ground: and by keeping their ground they not only defended the right of the British lines, but they prevented the whole accumulated force of the French from acting against the army under Lord Wellington. The British troops certainly displayed the most resplendent intrepidity: but let not the Spaniards be deprived of the praise which is their due. When the amount of the Spanish troops is added to that of the British, it appears that the combined army was superior in numbers to the enemy. We do not say this to detract from the military merits of Lord Wellington; but to show, that if he had not received more support from the Spaniards than some of his friends seem willing to allow, he would probably have paid dear for his temerity in advancing into the interior of Spain.

The grand total of the British killed, wounded, and missing, at the battle of Talavera, amounted to 5907:—an almost unparalleled deduction from a force which entered the field only eighteen thousand three hundred strong!

The author of this journal received a wound in the muscles of his back on the second day of the battle, which was not extracted till he embarked on board an English ship in the Tagus. He effected his retreat from Talavera to Lisbon with great difficulty and considerable suffering.

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ART. VIII.—*A History of the County of Brecknock. By Theophilus Jones, &c. (Concluded from p. 19) Vols. II. and III. 1809.*

FROM the slight sketch which our limits admitted us to give of the historical chapters of this work, our readers must have perceived that, in many parts, the annals of the county of Brecknock are not easily to be separated from those of the principality at large. In the chapters which follow, and which relate to the ‘religion,’ the ‘laws,’ ‘the language,

manners, popular opinions and 'prejudices,' &c. &c. of the county, it is obvious that the individual condition of the district must be still more confounded with the general state of Wales; and that few observations can be made upon the former which do not equally apply to the more extensive region of which it only forms a part. This constitutes one of the great objections to what are entitled *general histories* of *particular districts*. For example, if the history of every county in Wales were to be written on the same principles, that the historian of Brecknock has adopted in the work before us, what a *fund* of repetition should we have to encounter! To a certain extent each of the eleven historians whom we suppose to undertake these separate operations would have to tread in the very footsteps of Mr. Jones; and it is thus that writings are multiplied without end, and that the task of selecting what is really new and important from the mass of general information becomes next to impossible.

These remarks apply to the present publication, if at all, only in common with all works of the same description. The originality and freedom of research which distinguish it are peculiar to itself. Of these we have given many examples in the course of our preceding extracts and animadversions; nor do the chapters now under our review afford fewer than those we have already noticed. Still, as they have less of *individual application* to the county of Brecknock, we shall the more willingly only skim their surface, which the press of other matter compels us to do. The chapter of 'religion' is introduced by a long discussion concerning the origin, the name, the tenets, and habits of the Druids—a subject of very extensive inquiry, but which is so far from relating to Brecknock, that it does not relate even to Wales, or to Britain itself *exclusively*. We do not deny Mr. Jones a great share of praise for the ingenuity and acuteness of reasoning connected with this branch of his subject; and think that he has shewn himself well qualified to enter the lists, not only with Pinkerton (whose extravagancies and contradictions he very fairly, and sometimes with much humour, exposes), but with the first and most learned of our British antiquaries. With respect to the origin of this famous institution, he argues, forcibly and well, against the *existimatur\** of Cæsar (which has

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\* 'Doctrina in Britannia reperta, atque inde in Galliam translata esse existimatur.' (De Bell. Gall. l. 6. c. 12.) To the commentaries of Cæsar, regarded as evidence of the religion, manners, and customs of our early ancestors, which our historians have been too much in the habit of copying as conclusive and indisputable, Mr. Jones very properly affixes a general note.

been hastily set up by some other writers as a *conclusive assertion*, and which, even as an assertion, cannot be regarded in the light of *proof*), that the Druids first crossed the channel from the continent to our island, and not from our island to the continent. With respect to the character of the religion and of its professors, he is of an opinion, which he very stoutly maintains and ably defends, that the imputations of cruel and degrading superstition are false, and are universally the result of ignorance or malice. He denies the reality of human sacrifices, and justly ridicules the absurd conclusions which some have affected to draw from an arbitrary hypothesis concerning the form and use of the ancient *stromlech*, with regard to which he thinks entirely with those who believe it to be exclusively sepulchral. The story of the massacre of the bards, by king Edward, he justly regards as exploded. This, indeed, is a point which we conceive to be so completely settled on the basis of circumstantial evidence, that it affords a good answer to those who accuse the framers of *historic doubts* of weakening the faith of mankind as to the general credibility of history.

There is nothing, either in the history of Druidism, or of the earlier ages of Christianity, to distinguish the county of Brecknock from the rest of the island; nor even, afterwards, is it easy to separate what relates to the district from the general narrative of ecclesiastical occurrences throughout the principality. The life of Giraldus affords several curious anecdotes and materials for entertaining observations; but since the first volume of this history was published, Giraldus himself has become familiar to the English reader. We do not find much deserving of notice in the short memorials that are here preserved of the fanatic days of Cromwell, and shall finish our survey of this chapter with the concluding paragraph of the historian, which (together with the accompanying note) deserves a great deal more attention than we fear it is the spirit or temper of the age to afford it.

At present, to form an estimate of the religion of Brecknockshire, it may be said that two parts out of three of the inhabitants call themselves of the established church, the other third consist of anabaptists (a sect which has rapidly increased here of late), methodists, presbyterians, and independents; of the two latter, the presbyterians are the most numerous; but in this calculation

"How far he (Caesar) had leisure to contemplate, or inclination to attend to, these subjects we know not." We do know that the *frustra annis* which he spent in the island were tolerably well occupied by military operations, and may suppose that little leisure was left him for philosophical inquiries.

of the numbers of the church of England,\* I include a sect who may (if it be not a solecism) be called no religionists; persons, who, when it is necessary to make a profession of their faith, say, they are of the protestant established church, but who, in fact, never attend the worship of the church, or indeed any other place of worship: it is much to be lamented that this sect (if I may so call those who are neither *gregarious* nor *systematic*) are yet increasing very fast, particularly in towns, some are corrupted by superficial writers, and superficial thinkers; these constitute the majority of this description; others again are led into this error from indolence and thoughtlessness; both are equally mischievous to the community, independent of the doctrines of rewards and punishment in a future state: it is with sorrow I observe, that this example of inattention (to call it by no worse name) is most frequently seen among those of superior stations in life; in which, however, they will find they are followed closely by those below them, down to the dapper tradesman and his spruce apprentice and shopman; a consequence which naturally follows, and which, sooner or later, in proportion as the evil increases with more or less rapidity, must terminate in infinite mischief to the peace and happiness of society.'

p. 229.

Is it possible for the most bigotted admirer of 'things as they are,' to read such observations as the preceding (which the good historian of Brecknock certainly does not mean to confine within the boundaries of his own county), and not to exclaim, 'these are among the blessed effects which we derive from our existing test laws. This is the policy of bribing men to the profession of an uniformity which cannot exist in the heart?'

The next chapter is devoted to the 'laws of Brecknock,' a subject which admits of still less restriction within the regular

\* 'Without meaning the most distant reflection upon the establishment of the church of England, I cannot help observing that there is a very great defect in the general system of education of youth intended for holy orders in our grammar schools in Wales,' (qu. will this apply no where else?) "and to which I attribute the increase of sectaries; those who are brought up as candidates for ordination are taught the Greek and Latin, but not the vernacular language of their own country. They can read Homer, Xenophon, or Grotius's works fluently, but they sleep over the Bible, hesitate at every other sentence, or continually mislay the accents in English or Welsh; the consequence of which is, that their audiences are either inattentive, or what is, if possible, still worse, the service of the church sounds ridiculously. Persons intended for the ministry should be taught daily to read publicly and in an audible voice the church service as well as other religious publications in Welsh and English, and their errors should be corrected by the master, so that they may be habituated to officiate in a manner which may attract the attention of their hearers; for a vicious and faulty mode of pronunciation of words or sentences once contracted (it is well known) is seldom got rid of."

limits of a county historian than the foregoing. Even the most antiquarian researches into the 'laws of Brecknock' cannot be attended with any discoveries exclusively appertaining to the district itself. Accordingly the former part of this chapter is a sketch of the laws by which *Britain* in the most ancient times, and *Wales* in those immediately succeeding, was regulated while existing under independent governments; and the remaining divisions of it relate only to such enactments of the English parliament, since Wales became a province, as particularly affected its provincial condition down to its final union and incorporation with the whole mass of the empire.

We shall have nothing to say, on the present occasion, to the laws enacted by that prince with a hard name, Dyfnwal-mawl-mad, commonly called Dunwallus Malmutius; nor do we think it more incumbent on us to discuss those of the good Howell. The old *universal* custom of gavelkind affords room for a disquisition of a different nature, and plunges us again into the pleasant vortex of *etymology*. Most of our *lawyers* are, probably, well satisfied with the derivation given by their great patriarch, Coke, who says (1 Inst. 5. 210) 'en gavel-kinde, that is, *gave all kind*; for this custom giveth to all the sons alike.' This grave pun, as well worthy of the Solomon of England as of its lord chief justice, is countenanced by the antiquary Lambarde, and is moreover sported by Verstegan as an original flight of fancy. Somner, in his treatise on gavelkind, adheres to the Saxon derivation given by Blount in his law-dictionary. Dr. Powel seems to have been the first who asserted its British origin; and gives *gafael* (a holding or *tenure*) as its root. 'Strangely,' however, as Mr. Jones thinks, he passes over the termination *kind*, without notice. This final syllable has been assigned by Taylor (*on gavelkind*) to *cenedl*, a clan or family; and Edward Llwyd, in his Welsh dictionary, has the word *cine*, a family. Mr. Jones has a much happier conceit of his own to substitute '*gynt*, formerly.' 'If so,' he adds, 'the interpretation will be, *tenura antiqua*, or *ex antiquo*.' This, to be sure, *might be* the case (though *gynt* into *kind* seems an unlikely *kind* of corruption) supposing *gavelkind* to be an appellation *only* introduced at a period when other tenures became more frequent throughout the country, i. e. after the Normans had obtained possession of it. But in that case it is highly improbable that the whole nation, adopting this distinctive appellation, should have borrowed it from the Welsh language; in other words, that it should then be universally called, not *tenura antiqua* or the ancient tenure, but *gafael-gynt*; and, on the contrary,

there is every reason to suppose the term to be a great deal older, if it was not the original appellation for the tenure; in either of which cases, Mr. Jones's derivation cannot, in our opinion, be admitted as entitled to any attention whatever. In short, we cannot think that any thing but (what Pinkerton calls) 'the sheer phrenzy of celtic etymology' could have made Mr. Jones renew a disquisition which is, to all reasonable ends, intents, and purposes, completely settled already.

Notwithstanding our intention to abstain from much quotation in this part of the work, we shall extract the curious account given by Mr. Jones of 'the practice of the ancient Britons in questions as to land,' both because it seems to correct some errors in the statements of Powell and Warrington on the subject, and as it serves for introduction to an ingenious inquiry respecting the origin of our 'common recovery.'

'In causes of this nature the whole of the proceedings were had and held upon the lands in dispute. The king, or the person who represented him, presided and sat with his back to the sun and wind, lest he might be incommoded by them: the judge of the palace, or senior judge of the Cwmwd being placed on his left, and another judge on his right hand; next to them sat the priest or priests, then two elders, and the great men of the country. In the middle, or immediately before the king or his representative, was left a lane or entrance into his court or presence, on the right of which stood the defendant, his council and attorney, and behind them the summoner, and on the left the defendant, his council, attorney, and summoner, in the same manner; pledges being first taken from both parties to abide by the decision of the court; and silence being proclaimed by the cryer, upon pain of forfeiting three cows or 120 pence, the judges proceeded to hear the cause. The defendant was first called to name his council or attorney; this done, the judge asked him, 'do you place your entire confidence in them to gain or lose? are you also determined to abide by the decision of this court?' being answered affirmatively, he put the same questions to the defendant, and upon his agreeing to abide by the directions and conduct of those he employed, and to obey the sentence of the court, the defendant orally declared, 'I am the true proprietor of the lands in dispute, and if any one will this gainsay, I have here those who are ready to maintain my right and inheritance, from which I have been wrongfully put out; I therefore pray the aid of the court to be rightfully restored,' &c. &c. His witnesses were now produced, and the whole of his proof gone through before the defendant was heard, who, now being called upon for his defence, said, 'Truly I am the proprietor of the land by right and inheritance; and because my title to it is perfect and secure, do I hold it, and if any one will this gainsay, I have here sufficient witnesses, &c. &c. and if thou wert formerly possessed of this

soil, thou went afterwards rightly ousted,' &c. &c. His witnesses being then examined, the judge asked both parties if they had done, or if they chose to amend their plaint or plea, which it seems either side had a right to do in this stage of the business; if they declined it, the judge recapitulated the evidence, explaining or commenting upon it, when he thought that necessary, and afterwards departed or retired to some little distance from the place where the court was held, accompanied by the rest of the court (the parties and their advocates excepted) and by the summoner, whose business it was to take care that no one overheard their consultations, under pain of forfeiting six cows to the king, or in his absence, three to his representative; when they had retired, the priest in a short prayer craved the interposition and direction of Providence to guide them to the truth, and enable them to decide rightfully, and then chanted the paternoster, upon which the judge again summed up the whole of the proceedings, in which if there appeared any defect of evidence, or any circumstances requiring farther explanation, two of the judges appointed a conference with the parties and their advocates; this was called '*gair cyfarth*,' signifying 'an address,' after which proceeding no witnesses could be produced by the parties. This rule was adopted upon sound policy, and was the result of good sense and experience, as it would have been highly improper to have permitted either the demandant or defendant, after a hint from the court as to any error, insufficiency, or contradiction in the evidence, to amend the defect by additional proof, which would make the cause endless; indeed their practice, as here related, seems in some measure to be liable to that objection; especially when we learn that when this conference was not appointed, the parties might have another and another day to bring further witnesses, if they required it, even after the judge had retired, upon bringing pledges into the field for their punctuality; which pledges generally were confined in prison until the day assigned for hearing further witnesses, or as the Welsh call it, '*the day of gaining or losing*'; when that day arrived and the witnesses are examined, the pledges were liberated, and the judges proceeded to decide in favour of that party with whom the weight of evidence preponderated; if that was doubtful, from contrariety of testimony or any other cause, the land in dispute was divided into moieties, and assigned, one half to the demandant, and the other share to the defendant. The fee to the chief justice in a cause of this nature was 48 pence, and to every other judge half as much.'

Mr. Jones adds that he

' has been thus tediously prolix in describing this form of trial, from its striking resemblance to the practice of arraigning a recovery in the English law; a ceremony which frequently provokes a smile from the unlearned by-stander, and sometimes

discomposes the gravity even of a barrister, while he repeats his antiquated lesson in unmeaning monotony?

That this singular form, now so frequent and indispensable in conveyancing practice, is of British origin, we have always thought highly probable; but are inclined to differ from Mr. Jones, who would attribute its general introduction into our English courts to a period posterior to the expeditions into Wales made by Edward the First. The fact is, that none of our lawyers venture to assign a particular period for its first usage among us. Blackstone, indeed, hastily and superficially asserts that it was *invented* by the clergy for the express purpose of frustrating the Mortmain act of 7 Edward I. (Vol. II. p. 270.) But that this account of it is quite absurd, must appear evident upon the slightest examination; since a statute *antecedent* to that last mentioned, viz. the statute of Gloucester, 6 Edward I. expressly provides "that a termor for years may falsify a *feigned recovery* suffered by the owner of the inheritance." (See Cruise on Recoveries, p. 3.) This sufficiently proves, not only that the form of recovery was known, but that it was very generally practised in England before the year 1278, and five or six years at least before the conquest of Wales. Nor had it been even then of very late introduction; is it likely that it would already have become necessary to provide statutable remedies against abuses in the practice. The evasion of the statute *de Religiosis*, 7 Edw. I. by the clergy, was evidently then only the adoption of a practice already in use to serve their own particular purposes; nor can any probable deduction be made from that circumstance with a view to fix the period at which the practice was actually brought into our country. Perhaps it may be unnecessary to go into Wales for its origin; nor are we aware of any circumstance which renders it an improbable supposition, that the form from which the practice arose was never wholly out-of-use among us from the earliest times of our history.

On the very curious and interesting subject of the ancient lords marches of Wales and their legal jurisdiction, the reader will next find a great deal of valuable information; but the space we have already traversed warns us to confine the extent of our following remarks:

The statute of Rhuddlan (12 Edward I.) is the first law-record of the subjugation of Wales. Barrington is here properly corrected in his statement, that "this act recites the *total conquest*" of the principality. The preamble states, "that Wales, which was formerly subject *by feudal right* to the crown of England, was then by the mercy of Provi-

dence converted and united to the same, as a part or member of it;" but the lordships marchers at this time formed no part of the country here said to be thus united. Mr. Jones here takes occasion to notice the haughty and characteristic answer of Earl Warren (one of these marchers) when, *in the latter end of his reign*, and not before, the Conqueror began to inquire *Quo warranto*, by what right some of these tenures, claims, and privileges were held and supported. "By this right," clapping his hand on his sword, "by this warranty did my ancestors win my lands, and by this do I hold them." It was not till the 28th of Edward the Third, that an act was passed, determining "that all the lords marchers of Wales should be perpetually attending and annexed to the crown of England, as they and their ancestors were at all times past, and not to the principality of Wales, in whose hands soever they should be, or thereafter should come." On a survey taken in the reign of this last-mentioned monarch, the revenues of Wales were found to amount to the sum total of 468*ll.* 18*s.* 5*d.*

The cruel, impolitic, and iniquitous laws of Henry IV. to which he seems to have been entirely actuated by the spirit of revenge for the rebellion of Glendower, come next under discussion. The same flagitious system was kept up during the reigns of his two successors, notwithstanding that the attachment and services of Sir David Gam, as well as many other principal persons among the native Welch, would seem, from common gratitude, to have demanded a different return. Warrington, indeed, asserts, that "the manners of the Welch nation, during this period, actuated by few other springs than their passions, restrained by no regular police, no longer animated by the presence of their princes, nor their minds softened by the influence of native arts, had degenerated into the deepest ferocity;" and Mr. Jones very justly remarks upon this statement, that, even supposing it to be true, "it is to be lamented that the English did not rather attempt to convert the long subsisting enmity between the two countries into friendship, by adopting mild and lenient measures, than to preserve and continue it by sanguinary and oppressive laws." It is, indeed, a fit subject for lamentation, but, alas! not for astonishment or wonder, that men should be so habitually blind to their best interests, which are *universally* the interests of humanity, liberality, and justice. Can the reader find no parallel, in these our days of philanthropy and illumination, to the oppressions of Wales under the House of Lancaster? When will feeble and narrow-minded politicians learn, that the "ferocity," which they affect to deplore, while they cherish the imputation of it as the only defence of their wicked

and imprudent measures, is not by one thousandth part so much the legitimate cause, as it is the infallible and natural consequence, of those very measures? Give to the conquered, manufactures and commerce, to restrain or alter the course of their "passions," and afford them new "springs of action"—send them the "regular police" which they so much want—afford them "the presence of their princes," or at least preserve to them that of their nobles and great landed proprietors. Encourage and foster "the native arts by which their minds may be softened," and then, but not till after repeated, and long, and patient experiment, if they continue savage and ferocious, pronounce their ferocity innate and incurable; lay on the iron rod again, and make the whole country a place of confinement for irretrievable madmen!

It is not to be supposed that the cold and illiberal conqueror of Richard would, in the administration of a province so ill treated, deviate from the system pursued by those princes, whose legitimate heir and successor to the crown of England he affected to style himself. Gratitude for the most signal services done his cause, nay even for his possession of the crown so highly valued, might have weighed something with a man not entirely wrapped up in selfish schemes of avarice and aggrandizement; but Henry VII. is not to be classed among the benefactors of Wales. Perhaps he was, like our canting "No-popery" hypocrites, *afraid* of innovation, and thought it *dangerous* to interfere with existing prejudices. Henry VIII. was fortunately possessed of a better head than his father, whatever we may say of his heart. Accordingly, to him, and him only, of all our princes, is Wales indebted for justice and equality. He was the lawgiver and pacificator, the only real conqueror, of that part of the British dominions. Since his time, its interests have been one and the same with those of England; and since then it can no longer attract attention, or provoke inquiry, as a separate province. We do not by any means recommend the example of Henry VIII. as worthy of general imitation by a sovereign of the House of Hanover; but the worst of princes may, in some respects, present the best of lessons; and we cannot help remarking how much more glorious than the celebration of a Jubilee would be the adoption of a fearless, generous, and confiding policy towards the people of our sister-nation. With how pure and genuine a lustre would the *pacification of Ireland* gild the declining years of George the Third!

"Language, manners," &c. form the miscellaneous subject of the next division of Mr. Jones's work. The observations here made on the first of these heads are not very peculiar or inter-

resting. It is the remark of a late respectable historian, "that nations which have long been seated in the same country, and have had little intercourse with strangers, commonly retain the same national character, manners, and customs, through a long succession of ages ; they become proud of their antiquity, fond admirers of their ancestors, and fondly attached to their sentiments and prejudices, their follies, errors, and vices, not excepted." Mr. Jones adds, that even now

' This is very remarkably the characteristic of the native yeomanry of Wales ; as to those of superior rank or the constant inhabitants of towns, they are now by habit become so wholly English, that no distinction is observable between them and their fellow-subjects eastward of the Severn ; but the sequestered peasant who rarely quits the vicinity of his mountain, who speaks no other language than his mother-tongue, still adheres with infinite attachment to all the habitudes and customs of his ancestors ; on all occasions he adopts their sentiments, and dwells with fond delight upon the traditions of old times. Arthur, Llewelyn, and Glyndyfrdwyford will ever be the themes of Cambro-British admiration, whilst Offa, Edward, and Henry will never cease to excite disgust.'

Mr. Jones has given a satisfactory account of that apparent fondness of the Welch for long names and genealogies, which has caused so much merriment in our English theatres.

' I have stated in a former part of this volume, that we are *almost* reconciled to the English laws ; the same may be said as to their customs ; but there are some particularly unmanageable by the mere Welchman ; amongst others they entertain a great dislike to surnames. When a complaint is made to a magistrate against a neighbour, his worship is entreated to grant a warrant against " Twm o'r Cwm," i. e. Tom of the Vale. " What's his surname ? " " I never heard he had any other name," is the common reply. If the honest native be compelled reluctantly to adopt the English custom, and to introduce these expletives (as he conceives them) into his family, he and his children are absolutely bewildered for the two or three next generations. Suppose the name to be Cadwaladr Griffith, his son, in endeavouring to imitate the English fashion will call himself John Cadwaladr Griffith—his son will be William John Cadwaladr Griffith ; until fatigued with dragging after him the long chain of cognomina and agnominæ, his descendant submits to be called, a l'Angloise, Thomas Williams, by which surname his family will ever afterwards be distinguished. Our Saxon and Norman conquerors do not seem to be aware of this difficulty, for they conceive that a fondness for a multitude of names is one of the characteristic foibles of Welchmen ; when they describe them by Thomas ap Davydd ap Shenkin ap Shon ap Thomas ap Wil-

liam ap Evan, &c. It is true, genealogists, whose business it is to register descents, will inform us that John was "ap" or "the son of" Thomas, the son of William, the son of Evan, &c.; but in the common intercourse of life, they were known to each other only by their christian names and residences," &c. &c.

The last chapter, comprehending several heads of statistical and agricultural statement, deserves, as it will attract, the attention of those whose minds are principally directed towards such useful and important topics. But room is not now left us for more than a very hasty and superficial survey of what the two last volumes of this work may contain deserving of our particular notice.

These remaining divisions, to which we must now proceed, are composed of a very diffuse and minute survey of the county in its present state, through every different parish, beginning at the county town. In following this detail, it is obvious that the reviewer can have little to comment upon. To attempt an abridged statement would be little more than to present his readers with a catalogue of names of places and persons equally devoid of amusement and instruction. The pages which remain for us to fill up will be principally occupied, therefore, by a few extracts from the biographical notices and other matters of more general interest, with which the history abounds, after which we shall take our leave of Mr. Jones, with feelings of considerable esteem for his talents and industry, and with the warmest recommendation to future topographers to take example from the method and spirit which he has displayed in the conduct of his labours; at the same time it must be understood that this recommendation, though expressed in general terms, is not intended for literal application in every particular. There certainly are details in this voluminous work, which might have been spared with advantage to its consistency, and with still more benefit to the patience of its readers, as possessing no peculiar reference to the district which they profess to illustrate; and we own it would mortify us if, in consequence of a too close adherence to the letter of our advice, we should hereafter be visited by three thick quarto volumes for every region in Great Britain of extent commensurate with that of the county of Brecknock. Of this, however, we entertain no serious apprehension, as very few persons possess the perseverance and learning which have enabled Mr. Jones to set the example of his county history.

The foundation of the venerable church of Saint John the Evangelist at Brecon, may, as Mr. Jones says, be safely as-

cribed to Bernard Newmarch ; for though he admits the Saxon font and "some slight remains" of Saxon architecture in parts of the building to afford evidence of a prior existence, yet "he so far improved and enlarged it, and, as he says, caused it to be dedicated to the honour of St. John the Evangelist, that he may very fairly and properly be said to be entitled to the appellation of its founder." In this edifice, so interesting from the associations of our early history, it is melancholy to relate, that the fury of "architectural innovation" has not spared her usual ravages.

The survey of monuments and inscriptions in this venerable depository, is of considerable extent, but contains in proportion very little that is singular or interesting. Churchyard's "Worthiness of Wales" (a very curious old poem, published in 1587, and reprinted at London in 1776), affords some interesting quotations, which are very properly introduced into this work ; but from the commentary of Mr. Jones on the monuments mentioned by this ancient writer, we shall select a single article, as evidence of a liberality of spirit and soundness of reason far beyond the general character of the age to which it refers.

\* Meredyth Thomas was of the profession of the law, and a notary public, perhaps deputy registrar of the archdeaconry of Brecon ; he was eight times bailiff of Brecon, and died in 1587, and though we have lost that good store of verses, formerly recording his merits, fortunately he still lives in his will, a copy of which is preserved in my office ; this document recites his wish (in an age when such a wish was thought almost impious) that his body should be opened, in order that the cause of his disorder might be known, and posterity benefited by the discovery, and proves that he had more benevolence and profundity of thinking than, I am sorry to observe, many wise and sensible men even of the present day possess. A short extract from it may not be unacceptable, as it portrays his character ; it was proved in 1585, and he describes himself therein by the name of Meredeth Thomas ap David Goch : "I desire to be buried in the parish church of Saint John the Evangelist, in the chapple there, where my father, my brother, and sisters, were buried, hard by the wall, and I will that mine executors do erect a stone by the wall syde, or the syde of the same, to be in the wall close as high as a man's brest, that any of the parishioners may lean upon ; and I will that mine executors shall cause a surgeon or physician to open my body, and extract my bowels, that the cause of my sickness may be known." &c. &c.

And after appointing his wife Elinor and his son Daniel his

executors, in another part of the extract here given, there is the following clause.

"Also I wille that myne executors shall joyne together in all actions concerning my will, and that they shall dwelle together and spende in all honest means all such *talments* that I leave or bequeath to them in mayntaynyng my house and family, and *relyeing my friends that come unto them without grudge or variance.*"

The word *talments*, as here used, Mr. Jones supposes to mean "dues or debts owing to the testator."

In the account of Brecon Castle, built by Bernard Newmarch about 1094, some curious pieces of antiquarian anecdote occur; but we were very sorry to meet with a little piece of levity, in speaking of an ancient dungeon there, which we know not how to construe consistently with the respect which we wish to feel for Mr. Jones's benevolent liberality of sentiment.

"In this hole," says he, "though the sentimental sympathizing sensibility of the present day, which is more actively engaged in promoting the comfort of criminals, than in the prevention of vice, would hold it cruel to immure a dog, drunkards were sometimes confined for a night," &c. &c.

He makes some amends, however, by a good story, for this misplaced ridicule. For

"To this dungeon," he adds, "tradition tells us that a lord lieutenant of Ireland narrowly escaped being committed in the reign of Elizabeth; his name is forgotten, but it was probably either the Earl of Leicester or Essex, who, in his journey to or from England, dining with the bailiff, aldermen, and common council of Brecon, at one of their feasts thought proper to assert his claim to precedence at the table. "Sing the bell \* (says the testy Welchman, who then presided over the corporation) and take him to Porth bach." The viceroy saw the imprudence of resistance, apologized for his conduct, and submitted to become the second subject in Brecon.'

This is a stroke of manners, whether the tradition be strictly true or not, strongly characteristic of the sturdy independent spirit of our ancient burgesses, just at the period when we were beginning to break the bonds of feudal tyranny.

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\* Meaning the bell to call the constables together. *Sing the bell* is the literal translation of *Canwch y gloch*, and is frequently heard in Wales.

In the parish of Garthbrengy is Peytyn Gwin, where was formerly situated the principal mansion of Sir David Gam, the hero of Agincourt. The heralds have recorded that this estate was purchased by Sir David's father of William Peyton, the descendant of William Peyton (*Gulielmus Pictaviensis*); a knight to whom Bernard Newmarch gave the land more than three centuries before, and whose name it still retains; so say the heralds: but Mr. Jones, with his accustomed hardihood, gives the heralds the lie, asserting, and, for aught we know to the contrary, proving, that the Peytons had long before emigrated from this their original settlement, and left no trace behind them, except that of their name, in the county of Brecknock. Many of our readers may be ignorant of the character and exploits of the knight whose name occasioned our mention of Garthbrengy. Let them then take the following abridged account of him from Mr. Jones's own words.

Sir David Gam was probably born about 55 or 60 years previous to that celebrated action which is the foundation of his glory to posterity. This statement, if correct, will make him about five or ten years younger than his great contemporary and rival, Owen Glendower, the period of whose birth is fixed at 1350.

'He was athletic in person, his hair red, and he squinted, from whence he was called Dafydd Gam: Cam generally means crooked,\* but from long habit and a perversion of the language, when applied to the person, it implies any defect in the limbs or features. Powel, in his History of Wales, has taken care not only to record this deformity, but he wishes his readers to believe that nature has perpetuated it, and that all his family continue to squint to this day !!'

Sir David Gam was, as has already been remarked, personally attached to Henry the IVth, as earl of Hereford and lord of Brecon; and he carried this attachment so far as to become the perpetrator of some very black actions in favour of his protector. In 1482, while Owen Glendower was holding his parliament at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, 'he narrowly escaped assassination.' Pennant's account of this business is as follows:

"Amoug the chieftains who came to support his title was a gentleman called David Gam, or *the one-eyed*; notwithstanding he had married a sister of Glyndwr, yet such was the furious

\* 'From hence, as I conceive, the vulgar English phrase of a game leg, meaning a crooked or bandy leg.' This is a whimsical, but certainly not improbable, piece of conjectural etymology.

hatred he had conceived to his cause, that he appeared at the assembly with the secret and treacherous resolution of murdering his prince and brother-in-law. Carte says he was instigated to it by Henry, but gives no authority; party zeal, or hopes of reward, probably instigated him to so nefarious a deed; he was a fit instrument for the purpose, a man of unshaken courage, which was afterwards put to the proof at the battle of Agincourt.'

This statement, Mr. Jones observes, is in some respects incorrect. David was not one-eyed, he only squinted; and, what is perhaps rather more important, Glendower was not his prince, nor was he related to, or connected with him, in any degree whatever. The plot, nevertheless, was of a most heinous nature, and, upon its failure, the perpetrator, though he escaped the death which his crime merited, sustained an imprisonment of ten years, and was at length exchanged only on a solemn engagement 'not to bear arms or oppose the measures of Owen.' This engagement he kept just as sacred as might be expected from one of his character; that is to say, by a continuance of the same flagrant hostilities which had led to the necessity of imposing it. Some time after, in vengeance for repeated insults, Owen made a sudden inroad into his domains, burnt his house, and, on his return, meeting one of his tenants, tauntingly told him in the Welsh language,

‘ If a squinting red-hair’d knave meet thee, and perchance  
should crave  
To know what fate his house besell, say that the cinder-mark  
will tell.’

Shortly after his release from imprisonment for an attempt to commit murder, he actually perpetrated the crime on the person of one of his kinsmen, Richard Jawr, lord of Slwch, whom he slew in the *High street* of Brecon. The power and favour of the house of Lancaster protected him from the consequences due to this second crime; and no more is known of him till the period when he embarked with Henry the Fifth in his expedition to France.

‘ And here such a blaze of glory bursts around him as he resigns his boisterous existence, that the English historians are dazzled with its lustre, and the Welch have agreed to wink at his vices. Sir W. Raleigh has an eulogium upon his bravery and exploits in the field of Agincourt, in which he prefers his greatness of soul to that of Mago, and compares him to Hannibal; while his countrymen, in consideration of this day’s good services, have unanimously determined to forget his treachery to-

wards Glendwyr, and to pardon the murder of Richard Jawr. His reply to the king on reviewing the French army, his courage and gallantry in the battle, in which he is said to have saved the king's life by the loss of his own, his son-in-law's, and his kinsman's, are so well known that it would be superfluous to repeat them : Hugh Thomas says he was knighted for his exploits after the battle, but that he soon died of his wounds; the general opinion is that he died during the heat of the action, and that the king knighted him as he was expiring in the field.'

From the third volume of this valuable work, of which we have not room to detail the contents, we can hardly make an extract of more general interest than the following, as it is illustrative of a remarkable passage in Clarendon's History, upon the faith of a contemporary manuscript correspondence. It relates to the murder of Ascham, a parliamentary envoy, by one of the family of Proger, of Gwernvale, in this county.

' Henry Proger, together with his brothers, James and Edward, followed the fortunes of Charles the Second while in exile, to whose person they were warmly attached, and whom they served with unwearied fidelity ; the zeal of Henry, however, hurried him into excesses, from which he ought to have been restrained. While in Spain he was in the suite of lord Cottington and sir Edward Hyde, the king's ambassadors at that court, and he has been accused of having acted as a principal in the assassination of Ascham, the republican envoy sent thither by Cromwell. One of our historians (Clarendon) thus relates the circumstance. " This year (1650) the parliament sent Mr. Ascham, a person concerned in the king's trial, as their agent or envoy to the court of Spain, though the king had before sent the lord Cottington and sir Edward Hyde as his own proper ambassadors. This new agent was no sooner arrived at Madrid, but the next morning some English officers and soldiers who had served in the Spanish armies, went to his lodgings, and without asking any questions, walked up directly into his chamber, drew their swords, and, besides their intention, killed a friar, the interpreter, as well as the agent, and so returned to their companions with naked and bloody swords and some expressions of triumph, as if they had performed a gallant and justifiable piece of service. The king's two ambassadors abhorred this action, but had the misfortune to have one of their own servants concerned in it." Howel, the author of *Epistola Hoellianæ*, accuses one John Gwylym and William Sparks, of having committed this murder, but says that Valentine Proger, as well as Henry Proger, was of the party, and that the latter, after a concealment for some time in the house of the Venetian ambassador, made his escape into France. Lord Cottington, in a letter to Mr. Edward Proger, dated Madrid, 27th April, 1650 (MS. penes the Rev. H. T. Payne), notices the arrival of Ascham in the following remarkable passage : " The

agent sent by parliament landed at port St. Mary by Cadiz, where he still remaineth sick and with no small apprehension, *as he hath reason*, for he cometh from people abhorred by these." In another letter dated from Valladolid, 20th June, 1651, he says, "if there be anie thing els to be told you from hence, this scribe (alluding to James Proger, another brother who remained in Spain with his lordship) will doe it, *who grows a very good Spaniard*, and soe much that way affected, as hee will sometimes confess there is better food here than in Wales, though withal hee will be angry if that bee not accounted the better country; when you write to *Harry*, commend me to him, and tell him I wish him to be as industrious as his two brothers, without which he will hardly thrive." Upon the restoration Mr. Henry Proger was appointed one of his majesty's esquires, and nominated one of the knights of the royal oak, which order, however, was never instituted, it being feared that such a distinction might occasion animosities and open wounds which were but newly healed. Mr. Proger was soon afterwards knighted, and by some letters to his brother, it appears he sometimes made Gwernvale his residence, though he still continued to hold his residence at court. When he died is not known, but his will is dated in 1686.'

The remaining history of the family is what might be expected from so *loyal* a commencement. Charles, the only son of this assassin cavalier, soon dissipated the whole of his father's property by his extravagance; and Edward, his uncle, after profiting by his nephew's follies to the advancement of his own fortune, advanced it still higher by still meaner practices. It is he, of whom Andrew Marvel, speaking of Charles the Second's most infamous favourites, thus writes,

' Then the procurers under *Progers* filed,  
Gentlest of men and his lieutenant mild;  
Bronkard, love's squire, through all the field array'd,  
No troop was better clad or better paid.'

This noble Sir Pandarus had no male issue, and Gwernvale, upon his death, fell to Dr. Croxall, the collector of *Aesop's Fables*, and author of several poems, in right of his wife Philippa, the eldest of the daughters.

Our general opinion of Mr. Jones's merits as a county historian may be sufficiently collected from what has been already said on this subject, and from the extracts we have made. Some of his occasional remarks on other authors may be deemed a little too flippant, and some of his jests a little too coarse; but the originality and freedom of his opinions may plead in excuse for much greater defects of style or of reasoning, while we are disposed to think that, to jest at all in a work of this description, where almost every

writer holds himself privileged in unbending gravity and dulness, is a merit sufficient to bury in oblivion all the faults into the commission of which it may, now and then, have betrayed him.

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**ART. IX.—Hints on the Economy of feeding Stock and bettering the Condition of the Poor.** By J. C. Curwen, Esq. M. P. of Workington Hall, Cumberland. 8vo. pp. 364, 10s. Crosby, 1808.

MR. CURWEN had for many years kept in his own hands a farm comprising upwards of five hundred acres, and of the estimated value of 1000*l.* a year. He paid little attention to the management of his land, but confided in the discretion of a bailiff, only enjoining the cultivation of turnips, which root he first introduced into his neighbourhood. However, on the failure of the hay crops, in the year 1801, he was roused from his indifference, and was compelled to turn his thoughts to the provision of a substitute; which he found in *steamed potatoes*, mixed with cut straw. His success in this experiment induced him to communicate his mode of procedure to the Board of Agriculture; and to their rewarding this his first adventure we probably owe his continued attention to the subject, and the publication of his future remarks on the cultivation of land; which do credit to his judgment and industry, and convey much useful information to the practical agriculturist.

Before we remark on his experiments, it may be useful to those gentlemen farmers who by their personal neglect, or ignorance of the principles of their pursuit, have given occasion to the vulgar and not unfounded opinion that *a gentleman can never farm to advantage*, to give the author's account of the profits of his farm in the year 1801.

'I was surprised beyond measure, at finding that not only the whole produce of that year was swallowed up in expences, but a debt of seven hundred pounds incurred in addition; yet this proceeded entirely from my own ignorance.' p. 217.

It would be tedious, and without a plan, almost impossible, to convey to the reader a correct idea of the apparatus which Mr. Curwen used in steaming his potatoes: it is sufficient for us to state, that they were first carefully washed by inclusion in a rotatory cylinder resembling a barrel churn, which office was found best performed by manual labour;\* that

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\* A water-power was tried, but did not answer so well.

they were afterwards boiled by steam, then bruised and mixed with chopped straw, and whilst warm given to the horses, the portion of oats being incorporated with them whilst in the manger.\*

We must not omit remarking, that Mr. Curwen insists very strongly on the necessity of *bruising* grain before it is given for food. To prove the expediency of this practice, we need only refer the farmer to his own vegetative dunghills, or hot-beds whose growing crops of oats are a convincing proof that much of the corn passes unaltered through the stomach of the horse, and consequently cannot have afforded any nourishment. For those who are not easily convinced by ocular and every day observations, it may be of service to quote part of an account illustrative of this necessity, from a letter of a British officer who had served in India.

During a want of their usual food, the horses of the cavalry were fed with a proportion of barley, which not being sufficiently bruised, was so little impaired in its nutritive quality in passing through the stomach and intestines of the horses, that the writer

'witnessed for weeks together, many hundreds of all ages and sexes coming into the lines of the cavalry, and anxiously collecting and carrying away the excrement as it fell from the horse; this they exposed for a few hours to the sun, and by rubbing and sifting it procured a large supply of good food.' p. 32.†

We will return to the more immediate object of the first division of the work, by stating the economical advantages of 'steaming potatoes as a substitute for hay.'

In the first place they are more convenient for carriage, especially by water. But above all other advantages, they possess the important one (according to Mr. Curwen's calculation) of saving two acres and a half out of three? They also, if we may credit a cloud of respectable witnesses, perform their office of food (especially for old horses), much better than hay. Lastly, in a year of scarcity, this increased growth of so productive a vegetable may avert the horrors of a famine, by being diverted from their intended use to the support of the human species.

With all these advantages, it appears almost necessarily to

\* The Carron Company added a proportion of *salt* in pursuing the experiments of Mr. Curwen.

† The same letter contains the information, that the Hindus have for many ages practised that method of shoeing which Mr. Coleman judiciously recommends, and which is the first rational mode practised in this horse-loving country.

follow, that the American root will, in course of years, almost supersede the production of its rival vegetable in this country, at least, in the neighbourhood of populous towns. The obstacles to this great saving of land are the inaptitude of particular soils for the production of potatoes, the liability to a failure of the general crop, and the expence of erecting and conducting the proper apparatus for steaming. The last objection we know does not apply to large concerns; but it amounts to a prohibition in moderate farms, and therefore can never be generally adopted. Modern improvers will probably recommend, since the object is inapplicable to present circumstances, to adapt those circumstances to the object, by throwing together several small farms into one great farm. There is little doubt that such a measure is attended with great national advantages, independent of that of "steaming potatoes." We need state no more than that the tenant chosen for the occupation of such an extensive farm would be well acquainted with the recent improvements in agriculture, and disposed to give them a fair trial; that one family only would be supported on an estate which formerly was encumbered by five or six. These are very favourable circumstances both to the nation and to the landlord; but among all these changes and ameliorations, what is to become of the five tenants who are to give place to the overwhelming sixth? Or rather what *has* become of them? The race is in many parts of the country almost extinct; the honest sun-burnt farmer who holds out his brown jug to the weary traveller, is now scarcely to be met with, except in plays and romances. His place is usurped by the purse-proud speculator, whose ostentatious winepipes exhibited under every spout, or more proudly ranged side by side at a corner of the house, inform the wandering tourist that there is no welcome without a letter of introduction, and hint to him what will be the subject of conversation if he has one.

We are so far convinced of the advantages of substituting potatoes, carrots, &c. for hay, as to hope that the usual provision in leases, *that the tenant shall not plough up grass lands*, will give place to the greatest encouragements for the cultivation of these vegetables. Our national good sense is impeached by the unaccountable partiality with which we survey the scanty national produce of our climate. We have long since given up our acorns and crabs, in favour of more productive and more palatable fruit, but we have not reconciled ourselves to exchange a moderate portion of our almost profitless sward, for crops of much greater profit, sixfold greater produce, and as a national object, of incalculable importance.

Let us not be Calvinists in agriculture, and think that Providence is to do every thing for us, and we nothing for ourselves: nor like certain old women, fancy that whatever is not the natural produce of a country, must be deleterious to its natives.

We will conclude our observations on this division of the work, by adducing an instance of the great advantage of employing potatoes as a substitute for hay, when the failure of the general crop in 1807 had raised that root to the price of seven pence and eight pence a stone, with a just alarm lest it should be much higher. Mr. Curwen in this time of dread gave up the steaming of potatoes, and had remaining for the consumption of his fellow-creatures thirty thousand stone; though he at first had but half a crop, and had been supplying his 100 colliery horses with them till the middle of winter. These horses, "being accustomed to warm food, would have suffered much from an entire change of system," they were therefore fed with steamed straw, cut, and mixed, with their bruised oats.\* From the short experience which the author had of this method, he augurs well of its success.

Now had these horses been accustomed to feed on hay instead of potatoes, five times the quantity of land would have been occupied, the produce of which would not have been convertible to the use of man.

The next division of the book before us relates to the means of "supplying milk for the poor."

Mr. Curwen's situation near a large town, and the knowledge that a regular supply of milk, so essential to the health of children, was much wanted by the poor, and the not illaudable wish, that his endeavours to obviate this evil would meet with the honourable acknowledgment of the Board of Agriculture, induced him to make the experiment, and to adopt the plan which has so well answered the end of his benevolent intentions. He has not only gained his principal objects, but he has shewn that this mode has the indispensable advantage of affording an adequate profit.

We have no reason to dispute the accuracy of Mr. Curwen's general results, but we do not find in every particular that extreme accuracy of detail which a longer acquaintance with the subject has no doubt enabled him to exhibit. After quoting the opinion of Mr. C. Mason, "one of the most experienced breeders and feeders of cattle in the county of Durham," on the inexpediency of feeding cattle on hay, he

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\* We must give our readers one caution—potatoes do not supply the place of oats, but of hay.

proceeds to state the effects of appropriating twenty-two acres of land, within a mile of a town containing eight thousand inhabitants, to the "raising of green crops for the purpose of supplying it with milk, and for the support of his other stock during the winter months."

The success of the experiment, in some respects, fell short of expectation ; but it would take up too many of our pages to give his tables of expenditure and receipts, and we shall therefore satisfy ourselves by stating some of the profits, and quoting the author's remarks on them. The value of twenty-two acres of green crops, on the supposition of its being sold to the cow-keeper, is estimated at 220*l.* the expences are calculated at 118*l.* 10*s.* the gain is consequently 101*l.* 10*s.* The author observes "the improvements in the land, and value of succeeding crops, is supposed to be adequate to the rent and taxes."

The expence of feeding twenty-two milch cows for 200 days is supposed to be 246*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.* and the profit upon this in milk is 47*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* This certainly appears a very small gain, and the author is probably correct in his remark upon it. "Had the cows been tolerably well managed, the profits would have been double at least." We do not understand why Mr. Curwen should add to his profits 45*l.* for the sale of manure ; as on the debtor side of his account the expence of manure is not noticed, though if it be added on one side, it ought to be added to the other. \*

The gain of feeding stock upon fifteen acres of green food for 200 days was 86*l.* 16*s.* 10*s.*

The daily sale of milk during this time was eighty-seven quarts a day ; in the winter of 1807, it was one hundred and eighty quarts per day.

'I have formed my estimate,' (says Mr. C.) 'on what I am told would be a fair average, one year with another.' 'Had the whole been well conducted, the profit should have been 300*l.* out of which taxes, rent, &c. must be deducted.' p. 64, 65.

From what we have quoted, the reader will observe that there is a good deal of conjecture—much of what *ought to have been*, mixed with what *really was*, so that it is difficult to draw a very correct conclusion from these mismanaged experiments. It is notwithstanding sufficiently evident that the gain on land thus cultivated, must, when experience has cor-

\* It is perhaps understood, and added to the estimated cost of each particular kind of food ; if not an inaccuracy, it occasions a want of clearness.

rected the judgment of the experimenter, prove a sufficient inducement for its adoption, especially in the neighbourhood of populous towns ; and we do not accuse the sanguine author of exaggeration, when he infers, that during the 200 days of the above-mentioned experiment, twenty-two acres of land (of the value of 40s. per acre) performed the office of eighty-two acres of grass land.

We unwillingly pass over the interesting experiments made by the Durham Society for Agricultural Experiments, on the relative advantages of each kind of turnip on particular soils ; only remarking, that the yellow bullock broad-cast was universally the most productive, but liable to injury from the frost.

Mr. Curwen combats the arguments of Mr. Malthus against the advantages of new enclosures, endeavours to prove that the recent enclosures have been productive of an increase of victual, and appeals to "the one thousand three hundred enclosures of wastes which have taken place within the present reign." Now we apprehend that many of these enclosed lands were only nominally *wastes*, and that a great part of them was actually under the plough at the time of their enclosure ; and that consequently, the great call for labourers in husbandry did not, and does not, bear a proportion to the land enclosed. It is fortunate for the country that this is the case, for considering the continued drainage of the kingdom of its best strength (we are indignant to think *how disposed of*) we should, were Mr. Curwen's idea of the increased necessity for labour well founded, absolutely want hands for the usual preparations for our harvest.

From a calculation of the number of horses used in Great Britain, Mr. Curwen is confident that one million two hundred thousand acres might be saved from the land appropriated to the support of them and of cattle, were we generally to adopt the plan of feeding them on potatoes, carrots, &c.

Considering this work, as we have before observed, as not generally interesting to all our readers, we have not devoted so many pages to it as we could have wished, but we should think ourselves deserving of most serious blame, if we neglected to make them acquainted with the author's prophetic observations on the state of this country, as it respects the internal means of our support.

' However unbounded our capital, can the country be esteemed really flourishing and secure, whilst it is not possessed of the means of feeding its inhabitants ? The temporary loss of our stu-

periority at sea, hostile influence, or a combination on the continent, might effect by famine what their attempts by open war, I trust, can never accomplish. Is there wisdom or policy in suffering the empire to remain dependent on circumstances distinct from its courage and love of liberty?" p. 86.

"At the moment of writing the above observations, it was far from my contemplation to suspect that such a fatal combination of circumstances would arise as should threaten the total deprivation of our resources drawn from the Baltic," &c.

"The Baltic is now proved to be no more free from the power, than she has formerly been from the influence, of our inveterate enemy; and may not the same intriguing spirit labour to involve us with America, should the moment of scarcity make us dependent upon her for the support of our necessities?" p. 92.

Mr. C. then proceeds to state his doubts of suffering an indirect commerce with France for the supply of corn, as taking away an inducement for our own exertions to produce the necessary quantity; and, on the other hand, adding to her resources. He adds these queries, we fear, with too much foresight. "Can a foreign supply, and least of all, a supply from France, be relied on? Were the demand pressing on our part, would it not be withheld?" p. 93.

This publication is intended to prove, and we think does prove, that the soil now under cultivation in Great Britain is, by a particular management, capable of supporting its own population. That the particular mode of culture which is to insure this most desirable object is not abstruse or particularly liable to failure; and that its practice is recommended by the emolument which it holds forth to the farmer.

We have not often perused a work of greater importance to the community; and present circumstances have unhappily rendered it doubly interesting.

Mr. Curwen has shewn himself a true patriot by consulting the real interest of his country, unmixed with any of those popular gratifications, which often cast a shade of suspicion on the motives of the most exalted characters. He has pursued with acute and patient investigation the philosophy of agriculture; not with a view of producing uneatable monsters, but of discovering by what means a given portion of land may support the greatest possible number of his fellow-creatures.

**ART. X.—Practical Observations on Strictures of the Urethra, with Cases illustrative of the comparative Merits of the Caustic and common Bougie; also Remarks on Fistula in Ano, and an improved Method of treating Tinea Capitis, with annexed Cases. By Thomas Luxmore, Surgeon Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales, Surgeon to the Eastern Dispensary, &c. &c. 8vo. Highley, 1809.**

WE always feel some concern when a man of respectable talents thinks it necessary to write a book, merely with a view of increasing his professional employment. Why should a man, who has taken care to lay in a stock of knowledge, fear that he will pass unnoticed. The effects of regular industry, however slow, are stable and certain. Bankrupts in fortune are those who are in a hurry to be rich; bankrupts in reputation are those who are in a hurry to distinguish themselves, by writing on subjects on which they have really nothing to say. We wish Mr. Luxmore may not find himself in this situation. He has thought it worth while to detail a number of cases of stricture of the urethra, mostly relieved or cured by the use of the common bougie. This was indeed a needless task. He has even made it somewhat ludicrous, by adding remarks on each case, in which he commonly informs us how many other practitioners had been consulted and failed; and details, with the appearance of infinite self-complacency, his own proceedings and views of the case. Mr. Luxmore, however, may defend this laudable custom by the authority of very high names. The great Frederic Hoffman himself rarely relates a case without first sneering at the ignorance and blunders of the medicasters and old women who preceded him; then beginning to wax warm, he proceeds, *sed ego in concilium vocatus, &c. &c.*

‘ Himself the hero of his little tale.’

We must content ourselves with one extract. It shows the inefficiency of some far famed drugs in the treatment of a scirrrous prostate. In this point we agree with Mr. Luxmore, and think that the same sentence of condemnation may be passed upon the whole tribe of specifics in analogous cases. But to our extract.

‘ In this case the symptoms of diseased prostate were strongly marked; the weight in perineo and disagreeable sensation in the rectum, may be considered, in this affection, as denoting it **more** certainly than in any other. The circumstances in voiding

the urine are more doubtful, and will attend every case where there is an obstruction in the discharge, whether from stricture, diseased prostate, or even spasm of the passage. Having ascertained the case to be a diseased prostate, I determined to push mercury and cicuta to such a length, as to give the medicine a fair chance of success; and I am fully satisfied from this, and a number of other cases, that no advantage is ever derived from this plan of treatment; but, on the contrary, that the patient becomes debilitated by its continuance, and the symptoms of irritation are increased rather than relieved. Whatever merit may be attached to cicuta alone, I have never seen it prove beneficial in the present disease; it is a remedy which is more prescribed from habit, and the authority of some great names, than from any good effects experienced from its administration. In this case the prostate displayed little or no sensibility to the touch, when compressed; and was apparently in that confirmed scirrhouss state which admits of no relief from the powers of medicine. On finding the deobstruent plan abortive, and that the constitution of the patient had suffered under its continuance, I changed the method of treatment, and gave him the steel and sal soda, considering that the amendment of the general habit, by giving the organ more power of action, would benefit the local affection. The application of a blister to the perineum was not attended here by that alleviation of symptoms experienced by Mr. Hunter, in some cases he describes; nor was the insertion of a seton more fortunate, for though it afforded some relief for a short time, this did not extend to weeks, as stated in the cases of some authors. Perhaps this may be attributed to the confirmed state of scirrhus, and the same application might be successful, where the prostate was simply irritable or inflamed. The warm sea-bath was certainly useful here. On the whole the sufferings of the patient were diminished, and I have reason to infer that the progress of the disease was somewhat suspended.'

Mr. Luxmore next presents us with a set of cases of tinea capitis, *all cured*. These cases must get well in time. The last practitioner is therefore in luck. We have a set of formulæ, which are mostly very unscientific. Take the very first. 'R. Ung. Sulph.—Picis.—Hydrarg. nitrat. a. a.' p. 89. 'Ol. amyg. q. s. ft. Ung.' When substances of different qualities are so huddled together, how is it possible to determine which is of service, and which not?

Some observations on fistula in ano conclude the volume. They are quite of a piece with the rest.

Crit. Rev. Vol. 19, February, 1810.

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## CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*A Sermon preached in his Majesty's Chapel at Whitehall, January 21, 1810, at the Consecration of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester. By Francis Haggitt, D. D. one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, Prebendary of Durham, and Rector of Nuneham Courtenay, Oxfordshire. London, Faulder, 1810, 4to.*

WHEN we read the first sentence of this sermon, in which we are told that 'many pious and reflecting men have long contemplated the state of christendom with much alarm for the safety of religion,' we began to fear lest Dr. Haggitt should prove one of these alarmists; and we wondered how he would be able to make out the position that that religion was or could be in danger from the *assaults of man*, which was confessedly the *work of God*. We thought that a preacher might as well say that the firmament was not safe because the atmosphere was tempestuous, because the lightnings flashed, and the thunder roared, as to express any apprehensions for the safety of the church of Christ, because a few noisy polemics called one another hard names, or some contemptuous sceptics laughed and jeered at the indecent fray within its walls. But, as we proceeded in the perusal of this discourse, we were happy to find that Dr. Haggitt is not one of those theological alarmists, but that he is comforted, in this stormy period of religious feuds, by the assurance that the *church of Christ* is built upon a rock. Dr. H. therefore seems fully convinced that this edifice cannot be beaten to the ground either by impetuous zealots, or infuriate infidels. But the pious author does seem to be perturbed by some little inquietude of mind, lest the basis on which the *church of England* is erected should not be quite so solid and immovable as that on which the *church of Christ* stands. 'Though,' says Dr. Haggitt, 'the gospel cannot be overthrown, it by no means follows that the church of England is secure. If indeed the latter were subverted, the cause of religion would be hurt by the failure of its purest channel; but the very existence of christianity is not dependent on the safety of any one establishment, or branch of it: other sects, less immaculate, might survive, and flourish on its ruins, till it should please heaven to restore *a worship, the fittest for man to offer and the Almighty to accept.*' We fully agree with Dr. Haggitt in the above extract, that the existence of christianity is not dependent on that of any one, nor of all the establishments in the world. But when the reverend author talks of one of these establishments, (*videlicet*, the *church of England*) as containing '*a worship the purest for man to offer, and the Almighty to accept,*'

he, in fact, identifies our national establishment with christianity in its purest form, or with the church of Christ itself. In this case, and allowing, for a moment, the panegyric to be just, the author might, with as much reason, have expressed his doubts for the security of the church of Christ, as for that of the church of England. The fall of the church of Rome, in this and in other countries, was not owing to her practising, as her votaries might have said in the language of Dr. Haggitt, '*a worship the fittest for man to offer, and the Almighty to accept*', but directly the reverse. The church of Rome was full of heathenish abominations, and her worship was, in many particulars, an insult to the reason of man, and to the majesty of heaven. But are there no abominations either in doctrine or in practice, in the church of England? Is the creed of St. Athanasius an *immaculate composition*? Are the anathemas with which that creed abounds, such a worship as is '*the fittest for man to offer, and for the Almighty to accept*'? If such a mode of adoration should, as Dr. Haggitt supposes not totally unlikely to happen, be subverted, would the Almighty work a miracle to restore it as the fittest and the best? Surely not.—If then those learned persons, who are fed by the manna of the church, do, like Dr. Haggitt, indulge any pious fears lest some sect, *less immaculate* than themselves, should force their way into their goodly heritage, what is the best mode of prevention which they can adopt? Our advice is, as it has always been since the Review has been under its present management; perfect what the reformation left unfinished; revise the liturgy and the articles; divest both of their unscriptural absurdities, and let the establishment become a sanctuary in which all sects may worship the Father of spirits, in the communion of charity. Such a mode of public worship would indeed be, in the language of Dr. Haggitt, '*the fittest for man to offer*', and as far as our imperfect reason can judge, the most likely for the Almighty to accept. If the church of Christ be founded on a rock which no external force, nor internal dissensions can overturn, the only way of conferring any thing like the same immovable perpetuity on any national establishment, is by rendering the edifice as close and perfect a copy as possible of that of the church of Christ. The church of Christ is founded on the basis of **UNIVERSAL CHARITY**. Is such a broad base incompatible with the existence of the church of England, or of any other national church? Certainly not. Does the church of Christ, the foundations of which are those of universal charity, authorize any malevolent anathemas on speculative differences of opinion? Certainly not. Ought then the church of England, if she wishes to approximate the form and consequently the security of the church of Christ, to admit such uncharitable imprecations? Ought she to assert that those, who do not believe, what no reasonable man ever can believe, shall *perish everlasting*? The church of Christ prohibits all narrow and illiberal

*tests*, such as have a tendency to generate hypocrites and to violate the rights of conscience. Ought then the church of England to sanction such abominations? Ought the state to say that a man shall not exercise even the menial office of an exciseman, till he has performed a solemn farce at the altar of the establishment? However sacred any rite may be in itself, yet, the more sacred it is, the more ridiculous it becomes, when a man, for some sordid purpose, is compelled to put on a mask of gravity and conform to it against his conscience. The church of Christ says in express terms that, all which it is necessary for a man to believe, in order to participate in the benefits of her communion, is to acknowledge Jesus to be the Christ, or to confess his mission to be divine. But the church of England says that, before a man can be saved he must believe the Athanasian creed, with the addition of thirty-nine articles, of which some are incomprehensible, and others contradictory. Who, then, will venture to affirm that the church of England does not require a *second reformation*? Who will be so presumptuous as to affirm that, in this enlightened and inquisitive age, she can be long safe from the attacks of her enemies without the introduction of a more diffusive toleration and benevolence into her communion? In inculcating these momentous truths, we trust that we prove ourselves among the most zealous friends which the church ever had. We are not indeed time-serving sycophants to her caprice, but we are intrepid advocates for the timely removal of those errors which are incorporated in her worship, and which prevent many of the most upright and erudite part of the community from holding out to her the right hand of fellowship; and exerting their virtues and their talents in her defence.

Dr. Haggitt ascribes the present dangers which threaten the church, to three causes;—1, the malignity of enemies; 2, the coldness of conformists; 3, the dissensions in the church itself. If these be the specific perils, to which the establishment is exposed, the means of prevention are in our power. If this be the bane, the antidote is at hand. It consists in what we have just most earnestly recommended, a reformation of the liturgy and the articles. This, if conducted in the spirit of accord with the great precept of ecclesiastical union which Jesus so affectionately enforced (*By this, shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another*) would place the church of England on that rock of charity and truth, where if she still had any enemies, they could be only few; and their hostility must be impotent. The ‘coldness of conformists,’ which is principally caused by the unreasonable prolixity, and unscriptural tenets of the established service, would subside in the devotion which a more enlightened and tolerant mode of adoration would inspire. ‘The dissensions in the church itself’ must be abated by removing those controversial topics, by which they are occasioned; and which make, what ought to be the house of peace, the noisy abode of wrangling, rancorous, and turbulent polemics.

ART. 12.—*A few Words on the Increase of Methodism, occasioned by 'Hints' of a Barrister, and the Observations in the Edinburgh Review.* London, Miles and Hunter, 1810, 8vo. 1s.

THESE few words contain some shrewd remarks. They are evidently the product of a man who thinks for himself, and we are always pleased with perusing the sentiments of such writers whether they be, or be not, in unison with our own. The author condemns the use of the term Methodist, as indefinite and invi-dious. "Thus," says he, "the ignorant in politics, misled by John Bowles, and other unprincipled scribblers, stigmatize the op- posers of a ruinous ministry, as jacobins and republicans; and thus the ignorant in religion, misled by the Warburtons and Horsleys, denominate atheists all who venture to scrutinize the veracity of the popular creed."

The author afterwards remarks, that 'opinions on speculative subjects are unconnected with practical morality; and that a man may be an atheist with Spinoza, a sceptic with Bayle and Hume, a deist with Voltaire and Lord Kaims, or a methodist with John Wesley and Rowland Hill, and yet prove himself a virtuous and useful member of society. 'It is not by the tenets or forms of a sect that we should appreciate its character.' Of any sect of religionists the prominent characteristic must be, according to our notions, the peculiar tenets which they profess. These tenets, either considered as different from those of other religionists, or, as in the case of the methodists, from being more *exclusively propagated*, and more zealously cherished, constitute the distinctive badge, as far as *speculative principles* are concerned, of the sect by which they are espoused. Now the au-thor seems to think that these speculative principles may be im-moral in their tendencies, and yet not render their votaries immo-ral. This we allow, and we have more than once made the re-mark. A physician may mentally cherish or may orally de-fend a very delusive and pernicious theory of pharmacy, and yet regulate his own health by the principles of common sense. In the same manner a disciple of Whitfield, or a man who in spec-ulation embraces, with obstinate tenacity, the five points of John Calvin, which Whitby has so ably discussed, may still go-vern his conduct by the plain rules of truth and honesty like other men. Virtue is habit, and habit is an aggregate of indi-vidual acts. Now from the good effects of early impression, from the force of example, from the dictates of prudence, or from a cer-tain happy combination of circumstances, a man will often form virtuous habits in spite of a theological theory, which, if *acted upon*, would inevitably stunt their growth, if it did not entirely prevent them from taking root in the heart. But the question is not whether a large mass of religionists do not act in opposition to the general tendencies of their speculative principles; but what are the principles, whose tendencies, if followed in practice, are, and must be, pernicious? Now will any impartial man in his

sober senses, tell us that a person may *sincerely* believe in the doctrine of absolute unconditional predestination to future felicity, or in the full free gratuitous expiation of all the enormities which he can ever commit, and that he can *act upon this belief*, or make it, as in gratitude he is bound to do, *a rule of life*, without having his conscience seared against remorse, and becoming an obdurate perpetrator of iniquity? If any religionists do in speculation hold such opinions, and do at the same time, in practice, make them *a rule of life*, the most lamentable depravity must ensue. But the Author of nature has wisely ordained that the laws of moral obligation shall be *always inwardly revered*, and *in the majority of instances outwardly practised*, notwithstanding the speculative absurdities, or what may not inaptly be called *theoretical vice* of a certain class of variegated sectaries.

We entirely agree with the author of this pamphlet, that all the main tenets of methodism are incorporated in the articles of the established church; and this is one of the reasons on which we ground the necessity for an immediate revision of those articles, and for expunging such as contain nothing but matter for polemical dispute, or whose tendencies, whenever they do operate in the conduct, are and must be unfavourable to individual virtue and to public happiness.

#### POLITICS.

**ART. 13.—*Cursory Remarks on the Correspondence between Lord Melville and Mr. Perceval.*** London, Hatchard, 1810, 1s. 6d.

THE author of this ingenious pamphlet strenuously contends that as Lord Melville was solemnly acquitted by the judgment of his peers, his character was perfectly unsullied by the trial, that the public obliquy with which his lordship has been loaded is unfounded and unjust, and that no false deference to public opinion should have deterred Mr. Perceval from introducing him into the administration,

We shall not hazard any opinion on the subject, as we have not room to discuss the question in its several bearings and relations. We shall only say, that whatever may be the merits or demerits of Lord Melville, his lordship has, at least, no equal *in the present cabinet*, in point of political ability.

**ART. 14.—*Letter from the Right Honourable Lord Grenville to the Earl of Fingal.*** London, Stockdale, 1810.

THIS letter has already appeared in the public papers; and it is so well known, and has been so much the subject of conversation, that it is needless for us to expatiate on the contents. We shall only remark, that Lord Grenville is a great master of English style; that he writes with force, with precision, and with elegance; and proves that he combines what are not always found in the same person, great ability both in oral and in written eloquence. The two talents, though they appear similar, are very different, and require different habits of intellectual operation. Some persons can concentrate their thoughts in the

midst of a crowded assembly, who, wanting the same mental stimulus in solitude, find their attention more vagrant and desultory when they are alone ; and there are others whose attention, like that of many mathematicians and other deep thinkers, is dissipated in a crowd, while it is vigorous and compressed in solitude. When Mr. Fox spoke he never wanted words ; and as he could not stay to choose, he made use of the first that came ; but when he wrote, he had leisure to be nice, and from want of habit, though his mind was fastidious, his selection was not always made with taste. He spoke with facility, but he wrote with toil. Of this he was himself so conscious, that it prevented him from writing well. There is not the same enthusiasm in the oratory of Lord Grenville as was in that of Mr. Fox—but still there is more beauty in his written compositions.

ART. 15.—*England the Cause of Europe's Subjugation, addressed to the British Parliament.* London. Johnson. 1810, 1s.

THIS pamphlet contains some temperate and sensible remarks. On the third coalition against France, which was effected in the second administration of Mr. Pitt, the author says,

' Mr. Pitt proposed that Austria and Russia should furnish a certain number of men for a certain sum of money to be supplied by England. It was agreed that the generals of these men should be appointed by the government which furnished them. To these generals all military operations were then left, and Mr. Pitt sat down a spectator of the storm he had raised. The admirers of Mr. Pitt attribute the failure of the enterprize to the weakness of the Austrian General Mack, and the precipitate submission of the Emperor of Austria ; but who rested the execution of the enterprize on the talents of General Mack and the fortitude of his master ? Mr. Pitt. If the situation of Europe could not have been made worse, it might be prudent in Mr. Pitt to embrace the remotest chance of success to lessen the power of France. But an object may be desirable, which it is unwise to attempt—the evil to be hazarded may be greater than the evil endured—the means of accomplishment may be precarious and inadequate. It will be hard to discover, on what rational expectation of success Mr. Pitt employed the mercenary troops of Austria and Russia to attack France. He did not rest his hopes of success on soldiers more brave, more disciplined, more attached to their cause, to military glory, and to their leaders, than those of France. He did not rest them on generals more active, more skilful, more fortunate. Russia, in answer to the objections of Austria, unwilling at first to become a party in the coalition, tells us, on what Mr. Pitt did rest his hopes of success. In the papers laid upon the table of the House of Commons, after the death of Mr. Pitt, which disclose the treaty of coalition, Russia tells Austria that " the French army is far from complete, and

that the conscripts (never ending theme of delusion and misfortune to England and Europe) strive in all possible ways to avoid service, that England by menacing the coasts of France, Holland, and Germany, would employ many French troops; that France can never be in condition to employ five hundred thousand men, and that a diminution of one third of that number may be confidently reckoned upon. The disproportion then of two hundred and fifty thousand Austrians, and one hundred and fifteen thousand Russians which can be brought into the field, will be considerably lessened." It was not, we see, even on superior numbers that the hopes of Mr. Pitt were founded. That men should be furnished for money seemed his only consideration, concluding that as soon as they were collected in the field, they would be as ready to shed their blood to overthrow Buonaparte as he was that it should be shed in such a cause. The genius and character of his leading opponent, the interests and character of the men to be brought, and the men by whom they were to be opposed, were all forgotten or set at nought in the calculation. His angry mind, for to what else can we attribute such fatuity, forgot that the people forced into the armies of Germany and Russia might not be altogether insensible to the oppressions of their own rulers, and possibly had no natural appetite to revenge the quarrel of England, and enter into her resentments. In the same treaty it was stipulated, that a certain proportion of the Russian troops should watch the motions of Prussia, which shews that there was no hope of assistance from her. Mr. Pitt, then, is convicted in the last political act of his life, of being a man whom experience could not teach wisdom, of being ignorant, where it was his bounden duty to be well informed, and of having left nothing in the eye of reason dispassionately exercised, to explain his measures or discover his motives, but the idea that he yielded to the vulgar prejudices he had encouraged in the nation, against the person of the first magistrate of France, whose character, power, and pacific overtures, it probably not a little increased his resentment to recollect he had uniformly treated with contempt.'

Mr. Fox always ascribed the aggrandizement of France to the various coalitions which this country had formed to prevent it. If war have made France great, the effect of what peace will do remains yet to be tried. In the present condition of France this is an experiment of *uncertain benefit*, but is not the continuance of the war a *certain evil*? And is a certain evil to be preferred to an uncertain good? Pacific councils *may be beneficial*; but at any rate, they cannot lead to such disastrous consequences as our present ill-concerted, prodigal, and sanguinary expeditions. The principal dread of peace seems to arise from the great exertions which Buonaparte is likely to make to increase his navy during the continuance. But if Buonaparte were thrust off the political stage to-morrow, would not France make the same exertions under any other system of government which might arise?

Would not the naval superiority of Great Britain be still an object of jealousy to France? But cannot our maritime exertions keep pace with those of France in a time of peace as well as in a time of war, when every species of naval stores might be obtained at a cheaper rate? Or if the councils of both countries are animated by the spirit of peace, cannot the number of ships which each party shall build be limited by treaty? But all this is matter of speculation. What is certain is, that the experiment of peace must sooner or later be tried; and it seems also certain, from the instructive history of the war since 1793, that the longer it is delayed, the more perilous this experiment must be.

## POETRY.

ART. 16.—*Poems by Sir John Carr.* London, Mathews and Leigh, 1809, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE worthy knight seems to think that these poems may claim a place among the *vers de société*. By this we suppose, he thinks that if they have no other merit, they may at least serve to while away the hour of vacuity and relaxation. We shall select a few specimens, and leave our readers to judge whether the perusal be stimulant or narcotic.

*Verses on an Autumnal Leaf.*

Think not, thou pride of summer's softest train !  
 Sweet dress of nature, in her virgin bloom !  
 That thou hast flutter'd to the breeze in vain,  
 Or unlamented found thy native tomb.  
  
 The muse, who sought thee in the whispering shade,  
 When scarce one roving breeze was on the wing,  
 With tones of genuine grief beholds thee fade,  
 And asks thy quick return in earliest spring.  
  
 I mark'd the victim of a wintry hour,  
 I heard the winds breathe sad a fun'ral sigh,  
 When the lone warbler, from his fav'rite bow'r,  
 Pour'd forth his pensive song to see thee die ;—  
  
 When, in his little temple, colder grown,  
 He saw its sides of green to yellow grow,  
 And mourn'd his little roof around him blown,  
 Or toss'd in beauteous ruin on the snow ;  
  
 And vow'd throughout the dreary day to come  
 (More sad by far than summer's gloomiest night)  
 That not one note should charm the leafless gloom,  
 But silent sorrow should attend thy flight,

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LINES—upon reading the journal of a friend's tour into Scotland, in which the picturesque scenery and the character of the people are fairly and liberally stated,

Much injur'd Scotia ! was thy genuine worth,  
 When late the surly Rambler \* wander'd forth  
     In brown sartout, with ragged staff  
     Enough to make a savage laugh !  
 And sent the faithless legend from his hand,  
 That want and famine scour'd thy bladeless land.

That with thee nature wore a wrinkled face,  
 That not a leaf e'er shed its sylvan grace,  
     But harden'd by their northern wind  
     Rude, deceitful, and unkind,  
 Thy half-cloth'd sons their oaten cake denied,  
 Victims at once of penury and pride.

Happy for thee ! a liberal Briton here,  
 Gentle yet shrewd, tho' learned not severe,  
     Fairly thy merit dares impart,  
     Asserts thy hospitable heart,  
 Proves that luxuriance smiles upon thy plains,  
 And wit and valour grace thy hardy swains.

**SONG**—upon the admiration of the amiable qualities of Lord Nelson, expressed by Junot, now Duke of Abrantes, who, by the chances of war, was for a short time the British hero's prisoner.

A wreath from an immortal bough  
 Should deck that gen'rous victor's brow,  
 Who hears his captive's grateful praise  
 Augment the thanks his country pays ;  
 For him the minstrel's song shall flow,  
 The canvass breathe, the marble glow.

*Lines sent with some Indian Rouge to Miss W.—*

Go, faithless bloom, on Delia's cheek  
 Your boasted captivations try ;  
 Alas ! o'er nature would you seek  
 To gain one moment's victory ?  
 Her softer tint, sweet look, and gentle air,  
 Shall prove you're but a vain intruder there.  
 But go, display your charms and taste ;  
 Soon shall you blush a richer red,  
 To find your mimic pow'r surpass'd,  
 And whilst upon her cheek you spread  
 Your vermeil hue, tell her ingenuous heart,  
 'Tis the first time she ever practis'd art.

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\* Dr. Johnson, author of the *Rambler*.

## MEDICINE.

ART. 17.—*A Treatise on Local Inflammation, more particularly applied to Diseases of the Eye, wherein an Improvement in the Treatment of those Diseases is recommended, which has been confirmed by numerous Cases under the Author's own Care.* By J. B. Serny, M. D. Oculist. 8vo. London, Bickerstaff. 1809. 3s. 6d.

THERE is a sort of men who seem really unable to join a nominative case and a verb; who, if they would express the most common idea, use words in so strange a sense, or put them in an order so perverse, that it is a perfect riddle to a plain man, who affects no more than to understand his mother English, to find out what they would be at, or to ascertain that they have any meaning at all. Every page of this doctor's treatise is an exemplification of this observation. Let us take a sentence at hazard. 'The reason that in mortification, arising from a severe bruise, no great pain is felt, is in consequence of the nerves being deprived of their sensibility, the violence of the injury not admitting the smallest quantity of arterial blood into them, by which they cannot immediately inflame, and acquire an increased sensibility.' Again, 'The absorbents, by their glands being irritated, contract and do not suffer the injurious substance to pass into the general circulation, till it has been properly diluted by those absorbents from other parts leading to the same gland, and pour their mitigating contents from more distant parts into that which is affected, producing obstructions, swelling, and inflammation,' &c. Once more, 'inflammation in the eyes, produced by corroding substances of a chymical nature, act first by destroying the texture of the external surface of the part, and the whole, if they are suffered to remain long in contact.' We presume our readers have seen enough of the treatise of J. B. Serny, M. D. Oculist. The matter and the style are quite of a piece. We have looked in vain for the improvement *which has been confirmed by numerous cases under the author's own care.* The secret is a secret still, and we advise the writer to suffer it to remain so. Dr. Serny may be a good oculist, but we entreat him never to attempt authorship again.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 18.—*Onesimus examined; or Strictures on his Accounts of Popular Preachers.* By an Evangelical Minister. London, Sherwood, 1809. 1s.

THIS evangelical minister animadverts on the accounts of popular preachers which have been given by Onesimus, in the

style which is peculiar to the school to which he belongs. Onesimus had bestowed a high commendation on Bishop Porteus. But the author of the strictures says, that the deficiencies of the bishop were such 'in some of the grand essentials of vital godliness, as to make it dubious, whether he loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, or not.' We have our doubts on this subject as well as the author of the strictures, but rather from the act of persecution which disgraced the closing scene of his life, than from any other cause. 'I know many persons,' says the author of the strictures, 'who constantly attend the Philanthropic Chapel, and I know them to be as far from the kingdom of heaven as any of the human race. They are malignant enemies of the cross of Christ,' &c. After this specimen of dogmatical uncharitableness, it is needless to pause in order to appreciate the merit of these *Strictures on Onesimus*.

**ART. 19.—***Perambulations in London and its Environs; comprehending an historical Sketch of the ancient State and Progress of the British Metropolis, a concise Description of its present State, Notices of eminent Persons, and a short Account of the surrounding Villages. In Letters designed for young Persons.* By Priscilla Wakefield. London, Darton and Harvey, 12mo. 1809. pp. 503. 6s. 6d.

THE juvenile tourist will find this a very amusing and instructive guide to the curiosities of the capital and its environs.

**ART. 20.—***A friendly Address to the free Burgesses and other Inhabitants of Newcastle upon Tyne. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged.* By Joseph Clark, Author of '*the Newcastle Freeman's Pocket Companion.*' London, Longman, 1809.

ACCORDING to this statement of Mr. Clark, great abuses prevail in the corporate body of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. They are said to possess a revenue of more than 36,000*l.* a year, which ought to be applied to purposes of public utility for the benefit of the town. But this large fund is supposed to be grossly mismanaged, and engrossed rather by objects of private convenience or personal gratification, than of general advantage. In the Freeman's hospital, the aged inmates of this charitable asylum are reported to have experienced the most terrible privations; and Mr. Clarke mentions instances of some persons who have died for want. Some reforms to prevent these and other crying abuses, have been proposed by the author and his friends; but which have been hitherto defeated by the opposition of those who are interested in the continuance of things as they are. A general inquiry ought to be instituted into the funds and charities of corporate bodies throughout the kingdom; into their origin, their increase, and their present application.

**Art. 21.**—*Lindley Murray examined; or an Address to Classical, French, and English Teachers, in which several Absurdities, Contradictions, and grammatical Errors in Mr. Murray's Grammar are pointed out; and in which is likewise shewn the Necessity of 'the Essentials of English Grammar.'* By a Member of the University of Oxford. London, Law, Ave-Maria Lane, 1809. pp. 66.

THE author of this pamphlet has made some very acute remarks on the grammar of Mr. Murray, which are well worthy the attention of that gentleman.

**Art. 22.**—*An Abridgment of Universal History, adapted to the Use of Families and Schools; with appropriate Questions at the End of each Section.* By the Rev. H. J. Knapp. London, Law, 1809. 12mo.

MR. Knapp says, that 'the object of this little work is to supply the young mind with clear and leading ideas on history in general, which future diligence should work into a complete picture. It has been endeavoured to render it concise and useful; and if that endeavour has been attended with success, it will stand in need of no better recommendation.' That the work is concise we can readily allow; but we have long doubted the utility of this and similar abridgments.

**Art. 23.**—*The Rudiments of Chymistry; illustrated by Experiments, and eight Copper-plate Engravings of Chymical Apparatus.* By Samuel Parkes, Author of the Chymical Catechism, &c. London, Lackington, 1810, 12mo. pp. 291. 5s.

MR. Parkes has made his excellent Chymical Catechism, which was noticed in the C. R. for February, 1807, the basis of the present work, which is adapted to the present state of chymical knowledge, to which such important accessions have been made by the discoveries of Mr. Davy. The primary chymical truths, which the author says should be considered as axioms, are printed in a larger letter than the illustrations and experiments. Those who are entering on the study of chymistry, or who wish to obtain a general idea of the leading facts in this delightful science, will find this a most useful elementary publication.

**Art. 24.**—*Rudiments of Chymical Philosophy; in which the first Principles of that useful and entertaining Science are familiarly explained and illustrated.* By N. Meredith. London, Hatchard, 1810. 12mo.

THE increase of elementary books of chymistry is a pleasing proof that the study of this science is becoming more general and popular. This work of Meredith is written in a very agreeable and perspicuous style.

ART. 25.—*A Calendar of Flora, composed during the Year 1809, at Warrington, lat. 53° 30'. By George Crossfield, Secretary to the Botanical Society of Warrington. London, Wilkie and Robinson, and White. 1810. 1s. 6d.*

MR. CROSSFIELD, the author of this very useful little work, informs us that it contains ‘a list of upwards of eight hundred British plants, comprised in the twenty-three first classes of the Linnean system, growing either wild, or in a cultivated state, in the neighbourhood of Warrington, and arranged according to their earliest periods of inflorescence during the year 1809.’ We should be happy to see similar calendars adapted to the different variations of latitude in this island, as far as the change of temperature has any sensible effect on the vegetation.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We are obliged to M. de Montyon for the extract from the Courier de Londres respecting his work on taxation, which we noticed in our last Appendix. M. de Montyon informs us that this work was printed at Paris without his consent; and that it contains numerous typographical errors.*

*The editor of the C. R. has received a letter, with the Bath post-mark on the cover, enclosing two Bank-notes, and designed as a bribe for the favourable mention of a particular publication. The editor begs leave to inform this writer that the praise of the C. R. is not a saleable commodity; and that the only way of obtaining it is to write so as to deserve it.*

*The above letter, with the enclosures, is left at the publisher's in the Poultry, to be returned to the writer, whose ignorance seems to have been misled by artifice.*

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#### *List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.*

- Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government.
- Baron Maseres' occasional Essays.
- Hodgson's Sir Edgar, &c.
- Bigland's View of the World.
- New Edition of the Supplices of Euripides.
- Laycey's Life of Erasmus.
- Graham's British Georgics.

*Alphabetical Monthly Catalogue, or List of Books published in  
February, 1810.*

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Age (The) a Poem, moral, political, and metaphysical. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
Adultery analyzed; an Inquiry into the Causes of the Prevalence of that Vice. 8vo. 6s.

Answer (An) to Lord Grenville's Letter to the Earl of Fingal on the subject of the Veto. 1s.

Adulteress (The) or Anecdotes of two noble Families; by an English Woman. 4 vols. 12mo. 21s.

Buffa.—Travels through the Empire of Morocco, by John Buffa, M. D. 8vo. 6s.

Bibliosophia, or Book Wisdom, containing some Account of the Pride, Pleasure, and Privileges of that glorious Vocation, Book collecting. 12mo. 5s.

Bailey.—The Doctrine of Life Annuities and Assurances, analytically Investigated and explained. By Francis Bailey. 8vo. 11. 1s.

Byron.—The modern Villa and ancient Castle; or the Peer and Alderman. By Miss Byron. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Buchanan.—Practical and descriptive Essays on the Economy of Fuel and Management of Heat. By Robertson Buchanan. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Bullock.—Geography epitomized; or a Companion to the Atlas; comprising a series of Lessons proper for the first Course of Geographical Instruction in Schools. By the Rev. R. Bullock. 4to. 4s. 6d.

Burgess.—Riches, or the Wife and Brother, a Play in five Acts, founded on Messenger's Comedy of the City Madam. By Sir James Bland Burgess. 2s. 6d.

Coker.—Some Reflections on the late Election of a Chancellor of the University of Oxford. By John Coker, Esq. 1s.

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Ensor.—On National Government. By George Ensor, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

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